

COVER
OF
THIS
MAGAZINE
ON
PAGE
10

HARRYHAUSEN

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE & NEW HAMMER FILMS
DRACULA TODAY & PLAN: OTHER REVIEWS & NEWS

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CASTLE of FRANKENSTEIN

No. 19
50¢

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"I am Neev-Yeeh, creator of horrors, and why should I alone of the gods walk unrecognized?"

One of the many remarkable drawings created by the late Virgil Finlay (illustration for Francis Stevens' "The God of Fear").



FRANKENSTEIN

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IN MEMORIAM:

JAMES H. NICHOLSON
1916—1972



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The CoF Award For BEST HORROR PICTURE OF 1972...

Awarded to: **NAPALM KILLS KIDS ON
ROUTE ONE.**

Above in CoF's own special Theatre of
Honor on the big screen is the scene. Real
horrorshow. Burnt kids running, screaming.
Little girl tearing clothes off in pain, running
asked down the road. Fantastic footage.
All produced, directed and distributed
courtesy of USA Studios (a Pentagon Pro-
duction).

Evenhere this issue, in the Letter sec-
tion, we elicited hope the horrorshow boot-
legs would've been over by now in Vietnam.
That was written quite a few weeks ago.
Scratch that out for the moment.

For years we've heard warring talk
about an "honorable withdrawal," but the
corps count keeps mounting. Within days
of the Presidential election we were persuaded
to think the Nixon administration was within
a hairline of ending the horrorshow. Already
it's more than 45 days since the elections.
Nothing's happened. Indeed, the Kissinger
debate, et al, indicate that things may be
worse.

Of course, we've fewer American GIs
stationed and killed in Viet' than ever.
But the Viet' corpse load goes on clunking
while the talking goes on and on and on...

In the Human Community of the World,
though, it does matter. Those aren't just a
"bunch" of foreign Asians bombed and
burned alive over them but human beings
just as you and I. Indeed, our very own
brothers and sisters.

Meanwhile, lots of situation and news
space was recently given to ex-Nazi war
criminals and Martin Luther King and well
in South America. You see, those guys are
pretty horrible monsters. They burned and

(continued on page 56)

is forced into public bloodbaths which result in barely charges, tortures and stabs burning for grail. Orson Reed. Based on Huxley's book "The Devils of Loudun" and Jules Verne's play, "The Devils, brought to the screen with script by Kim Russell, who directed ISADORA (for BBC), in current US release, WOMEN IN LOVE, THE MUSIC LOVERS, and THE BOY FRIEND. An intense X-rating may be the reason you won't see this in your area. Color.

AVIUM (38 min—Ambusc: 1972). Another, worthy Robert Bresson anthology, especially distinguished by Scott continuity device. Bresson's Marcellus of Huxley short story has been adapted as an extended shift to the other stories. "Frozen Fair, with Robert Perkins, Sylvia Syms and Richard Todd in a grisly comic tale of backbiting and slashing in a basement. The Wound Taker, the high point, is an excellent, moody, atmospheric tale in which Peter Cushing begins to bring his dead son to the world, a magical tale of crimes followed by Barry Morse.

Lies Come To Stay, with Charlotte Rampling and Brett Dearden, this has but in no way comparable to PSYCHO, LIZZIE (for THREE FACES OF EVE, Mankins of Huxley (for Ben Low, Robert Powell, Patrick Magee, Geoffrey Dearden), features a beautifully constructed Herb Low cost star suit. Although filmed with fair by director Roy Ward Baker, this story seems to have considerably greater cinematic quality in its own original version (which can be read in Spewer's paperback "Ever Dream"). Music is credited to Gordon Garmy with no mention of Moorhead's 1967 "Night of the Mountain" and fire and air. Yet another rip-off is plain the in air. "You Have Nothing to Lose But Your Mind!" taken directly from Herman "Simpson" used as a tag line for the trailer, it results in shrieks and groans from many House built in the audience. Color.

DELIVERANCE (128 min—WB: 1972). "This is the genre-survival," says one character, stating the theme of this powerful film by British director John Boorman, in SCOTT BLANK, Boorman teams Lee Remick and Angie Dickinson for a brittle look at American violence, reflected off cityscapes of steel, concrete and concrete. This time the setting is the Chattooga River in Appalachia; here the violence has even deeper roots. The result combines MOST DANGEROUS GAME thriller style with LORD OF THE FLIES' profundity, screened by James Stacy from his own novel (he also appears in the Sheriff's role). Highly recommended; a "perfect" film. Jon Voigt, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox. Color.

TEN DAYS' WONDER (138 min—Films La Beale: 1971). Orson Welles and Anthony Perkins together again! This time doing Elmer Queen instead of Kafka. Perhaps the least favorite of all recent excellent Claude Chabrol films. Certainly Chabrol, like Lang and Hitchcock, is a master of the thriller, but we found the suspense in this one peaking in the first reel and slowing down at one that really is plot contrivance after another, all familiar to Fox film fans, is listed on. But no denying that it's worth seeing more than once... For it is Chabrol. And Perkins pulls out all the stops... even cruder than PSYCHO and THE POOL KILLER. Marlene Joubert, Michel Piccoli, Claude Rains. Color.

WINTER WITH MARIE (37 min—Barbet: 1971). A British-made love story of Rousseau which makes a passing reference to 18th Century Transylvanian king Vlad the Impaler on whom Bram Stoker based his novel, "Dracula." Color.

YOU'LL LIKE MY MOTHER (92 min—Ubu: 1972). Regnant widow (Patty Duke) arrives in Minnesota wilderness to meet her mother-in-law. Trapped there by a glacier, the situation only temporarily occurs, endangering her life. Keelover suspense by director Lennor who should now be forgiven for that miserable bomb, THE GROUNDHOG CONSPIRACY, which almost killed his Lament Cranston. Color.

THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS (98 minutes, Universal—1975—is Color. SPECIAL MINI-REVIEW:

Lovers of fine style and excellence are also the beneficiaries of this beautiful modern period piece. Only about one year old and still appearing in many theatres, it was also released on NBC-TV just recently so, it's therefore easily available. At the moment, and overlooking it would be a crime.

In essence, the story seems simple. Following his wife's death, well-to-do lawyer George C. Scott retreats into a private fantasy world, speaking, thinking, acting and dreaming as the intimate starkness of Holmes. Two forces persecute him: his brother, who would like to commit him for his fortune, and a hired criminal who would as lief kill Scott as see him committed. But all is mere plot for Scott and encourage personality dual-analogs out of step in the Age of Modernity. Exploiting the Holmesian misanthropic behavior in time with academic integrity, incomprehensibly good, never wronged yet also capable of deep sentimentality, Scott's monumental characterization wrings from the plot a subject in dramatic armor attempting, for a moment, to wear the Cape of the Bonded Present. But, alas, it's only for a moment. GIANTS is an absolute masterpiece (with metaphysical twist!), abiding with profound pathos to qualities of excellence and dignity that have all but died. Somewhat out and sustained by usual studio norms, director Anthony Harvey's efforts and James Goldwyn's script (adapted from his play) seem, oddly enough, to have survived, though we'd still like to see it put back together as originally shot. [Harvey & Goldwyn also created LION IN WINTER.] Synthesizing Goldwyn's pursuit of "the impossible dream" (see and Holmer dedication to its preservation under metaphysical nature), Scott says: "To think that who kills are giants is madness, but to think that they might be—therein lies the source of human progress."

In her Monthly Film Bulletin critique (Jan. 1972), noted editor and reviewer Penelope Houston summarizes her feelings in this final paragraph: "The actual set scene... is breathtaking. Holmes and his 'new world' setting at the entrance to one of the Central Park tunnels, the clasp-top of a baby's and bridge of a bridge, a whole conglomeration of illusion in the sense of something immense and inviolable coming at them out of the night."



Photo credits: Top—Baron de BLUENBERG; Center—William Marshall in BLUENBERG; Bottom—Obviously, a favorite scene from VAMPIRE CIRCUS, with Serrano.

The feature Skeleton light scene in
JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS.



THE INTERNATIONAL RESPECT AND ADMIRATION
EARNED BY IMAGINATIVE FILMS IN LESS THAN A
DOZEN AND A HALF YEARS IS BECAUSE OF THE
EFFORTS OF LESS THAN A HANDFUL OF DYNAMIC
ARTISTS. HEREWITH, THEN, A STUDY OF ONE WHOM
SOME CONSIDER AS THE BEST



ay



arryhausen

*Interviewers:
Harry Nodler and
Dave Trengove*





Ray Harryhausen hardly needs any introduction to fans of imaginative motion pictures. His animation-effects work stood out as prime examples of stop-motion artistry. Since he first worked with Willis O'Brien on MIGHTY JOE YOUNG in 1945, Ray has been in charge of effects on just a dozen films. A new Ray Harryhausen picture is an eagerly awaited event for fans of his work, and a guarantee of a visually exciting occasion at the theatre... and isn't that what the moving picture is really all about?

Q— What was the first visual effect you created for the commercial cinema?

RH— My first solo effects on a feature film was *THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS*. Before *BEAST* I made a number of what might be called 16 mm subjects. My first commercial employment was with George Pal on his short subjects he made for Paramount which were called *PUPPET-OONS*. They were started just before the war in Hollywood and continued until he decided to go into feature film making.

Q— To what extent were you involved on the *Puppetoons*?

RH— I did most of his animation.

Q— How in fact did you come to get into films?

RH— It started at first as a hobby. I saw *KING KONG* in 1933 and was highly impressed as thousands of others obviously were. But it seems I was impressed to the extent of wanting to experiment on my own. My first animals had wire or wooden armatures which I photographed with a borrowed camera. After some years I finally met Willis O'Brien who encouraged me enormously. The hobby gradually developed into a profession. I believe this all started when I was about thirteen years old.

Q— *KING KONG* had a magnificence of its own, created to a large extent by the atmosphere of the jungle, the steaming swamps, the overall claustrophobic feeling Willis O'Brien created for Kong's domain. Why is it that this atmosphere has never been recaptured in any film since *KONG*?

RH— One of the main reasons is the special technique which O'Brien developed and loved. He designed his set-ups so that the trees and scenic effects could be painted on a series of large sheets of glass sandwiching the animated models and miniature trees between them. This gave perfect control over the visuals. It is necessary with this technique to have two or three very good matte artists as well as a great deal of time and care and testing. O'Brien used this same technique in parts of *MIGHTY JOE YOUNG* but on a lesser scale. In recent years costs of production have gone up to such a degree that most time consuming techniques have had to be discarded except with very high budget films. Today one



has to compromise in many companies feel that fantasy films are not everybody's cup of tea and do not want to put up vast sums of money which they would put into subject matter which would have a wider appeal. Of course 2001. A SPACE ODYSSEY was a rare exception which must have been the highest budgeted science fiction film ever made.

Q— Did you see it?

RH— Yes. Like many others I thought it was most interesting and very well done but highly overstated as an innovation.

Q— What was Willis O'Brien like to work with?

RH— It was a wonderful experience working with him. He was not only a brilliant artist and technician but a very good human being as well. As you probably know, he was the first to experi-

ment with dimensional animation. Unfortunately he had many pictures fold before they ever reached production. *GWANGI* was one which he started in 1942. It was cancelled before start of actual production with a very mundane subject replacing it on the production schedule. You simply cannot account for decisions in the film world.

Q— We wonder why they would tend to make films that would date rather than the ones that wouldn't?

RH— I don't know. It depends on the time, I suppose. The war was coming along and these types of pictures are very complicated to make. Many studios shy away from them because they feel it's away from their routine methods of film making. But I know Charles Schnier has always been receptive to new ideas and unusual subject matter. We have had years of a very happy association.

Q— Marcel Delgado constructed most of the models on *KONG*. Did you ever meet him?

RH— Oh, yes! He has worked with O'Brien on a number of films and worked with us on *MIGHTY JOE YOUNG*. He did most of the animal construction. George Loefgren also worked with us. He devised a special rubberized hair for *Mighty Joe*.

Q— Was this because of the "ruffling" on *KONG*?

RH— Yes. On *KONG*, if you remember, they had this problem. Every time they touched him to place him in a new position the fingers would shift the fur, almost microscopically. It gave that peculiar effect which has become part of his character. I think that if it was missing today, you would not feel it was *KING KONG*. It gave the great ape a strange weird quality because the audience did not quite know what was happening and





Operator here: Ray Harryhausen shows some of the dummies and art assets he John Richardson during the filming of ONE MILLION B.C.
On the piece: Wally O'Brien, Harryhausen's model, showcases some of the past and KING KONG.



Ray Harryhausen understandably proud of his stopper after completion of work for **THE THREE WORLDS OF GULLIVER**.

why it was there. But George Lofgren designed a means of preventing this shifting which was a big step forward for dimensional animal animation.

Q— *THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS* was your first solo feature film. It must have been quite an unenvying experience to realize you were wholly responsible for the effects on such a project. Can you recall how you felt at the time?

RH— It was one of those situations which come about so gradually that one has not time to think too much about it. The producers had a rough script to begin with but wanted to give it more substance. When I was called in I brought some fresh ideas to it. Then Ray Bradbury's "Saturday Evening Post" story came out which was bought, and parts of it were injected, as well as the maintenance of the title. With a few more rewrites the story gradually developed into what was finally put upon the screen. Of course, I had certain misgivings because I knew the high cost of making a film like **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG**. Even though *The Beast* was a different subject matter and less elaborate, we didn't have a very large budget to work with. In fact, it was considered at that time as a very low budget picture. I found it a fortunate experience because it taught me to design and achieve certain effects without going into very costly processes which I probably would have used if I'd had carte blanche on a large budget.

Q— *The Beast* wasn't a creature that really existed, was it?

RH— Oh, no; the *Rhodosaurus* was a creation. We didn't want to make the beast a *Brontosaurus* because it was too familiar a prehistoric animal and would instantly make the audience think of *THE LOST WORLD*. It finally ended up as a cross between several different animals plus imagination. I forget now how the name came about, but I am certain that such a creature never existed.

Q— We heard the story that in *IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA*, the octopus, or pentaopus as it came to be, only had five tentacles because you used to charge \$10,000 a limb!

RH— [Laughter]. Well, that's an interesting story . . .

Q— Was the real reason to make less work in animating the creature?

RH— Yes, there is obviously less work in animating an animal with less complications to it and I'm quite sure no one really knew that it did not have eight tentacles. You'd never sit there in the audience and count them, I'm sure. Cartoons some times do the same type of thing. They would put three fingers on Mickey Mouse. Simplification without being obvious is most necessary as time is money and the more time one can save the better.

Q— Charles Schneer told of the troubles with the Chamber of Commerce over your proposed plan to

destroy the Golden Gate Bridge. Would you care to relate the story?

RH— Yes, that was quite true. The bridge had only been finished a comparatively short time. If a film company requests permission to shoot in a city, it is quite normal for their council to read the script. Perhaps our script read more realistically than it looked on the screen, but we did receive a negative reply mainly on shooting the bridge. We of course were too deep into the picture to let this stop us, so we had to film our shots in another manner.

Q— Charles Schneer said you hid in the back of a bread van!

RH— [Laughter]. That was one way. We put a camera in the back of a van to get some background plates and had to resort to other secret methods as well.

Q— *THE ANIMAL WORLD* was your first commercial film in color. Did you find any problems with this?

RH— Not with that particular film, because it was not photographed in the same process as we usually use. It was plain old table top animation. We did not have the problem of double printing where you have to combine people with animals. It was really quite simple, having the added advantage of being able to use two cameras which give us twice as much animation for the same amount of animation time. The major color problem was with *THE SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD*. As you know, to reproduce rear projection in color has a great disadvantage over black and white. The color loss and grain sometimes distracts one's attention. We had just mastered a good reproduction technique for black and white in *20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH*. Before we had started the film a new fine grain reproduction stock had just been put on the market which made it very hard to tell the drape from the original. Charles Schneer felt we must do *SINBAD* in color, so we set about trying to overcome the many obstacles.

Q— It's interesting that in *JASON* the "simpler" shots, like Talos striding around the side of a rock outcrop, are grainer than the most complicated scene of all, the Skeleton fight.

RH— Well, there are many reasons for that, but I won't go into them; it's too technical. But if we'd had unlimited resources to just keep on doing and redoing to get every scene absolutely perfect, the way they did it in 2001, I



MIGHTY JOE YOUNG (1949), Ray Harryhausen's first feature film assignment, in combination with Maria O'Brien. Though Little Kong died in *SON OF KONG*, he was supposed to "return" in a planned but never filmed sequel. Except for small changes, JOE is thought to be the third and final tux in the KONG series (KONGA and Japanese quickies not to be counted).

suppose we could eventually come up with a non-grainy picture, but I don't think it would sell another ticket.

Q— What do you think is the reason that they won't put this amount of money into a fantasy film?

RH— It is difficult to say exactly. So much depends on the time the film is released. It is one thing to make a fantasy film and quite another to make a science fiction film. It is amazing how many people seem to feel fantasy films are only for children. I've never quite understood this. We found with *THE SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD* when it opened in New York, there were many more adults in the audience than young people. I think that if a film is made in an interesting manner and has some novelty it can appeal to a very wide variety of age groups. But there is this rather amusing point of view in an below the teenage set where the growing youngster feels that if he likes anything that a child may enjoy, it somehow reflects on his intelligence.

This also seems to be the case with adults. I've known instances where an adult has been almost ashamed to admit he or she liked a film such as *SNOW WHITE* or *SINBAD* because they felt it was unsophisticated to find such films entertaining. This I find almost pitiful as entertainment should be a spontaneous reaction and not subject to the fad of the moment. I think the film industry today is suffering from these prangs of the fad of the moment.

Q— While we are talking about *SINBAD*, we felt that the skeleton duel with Kervin Mathews was the most nightmare piece of all your work. Even so, do you think it was taken to its full horrific potential?

RH— Oh, no, because we did not strive for the horrific. We do not make horror films, as they are sometimes called, although I have a great respect for some of the so-called "horror" films. I've probably said this several times, but to me a war film is much more of a horror film than *FRANK-*

ENSTEIN or *DRACULA* because it deals with reality. *Frankenstein* and *Dracula* deal with the imaginative, sometimes the profound. *FRANKENSTEIN*, the way the original version was conceived, was quite profound, but it seems to have gotten the reputation of only appealing to slightly morose people because of all the miserable sequels. The exception, of course, was *THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, which was beautifully made for its time. James Whale, the director of these two unusual pictures, had some peculiar point of view which made them a classic, unlike the many sequels.

Q— We think that *BRIDE* was even better than the original. . .

RH— Yes, perhaps they were comparable. Many people feel *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* was better, perhaps, because of the magnificent musical score by Franz Waxman. Music is so very important in fantasy films. We have had that exceptional composer, Bernard Herrmann, score a number of our pic-

tures because his style and imagination so suitably accents the unusual subject matter with which we deal. Another composer I admire greatly is Miklos Rozsa, mainly for his marvelous score for *THE THIEF OF BAGDAD*. It is such a pity that these exceptional pieces of music can be so easily forgotten. I don't believe Rozsa has done anything as interesting and unusual and as suitable to the material he had to work with since; although he has done some memorable film scores.

Q— *Similar to Max Steiner's score for KONG...*

RH— Yes, Steiner's score for *KONG* was far ahead of its time. I would say it was one of the first, if not the first ori-

Q— *Do you have much hand in the sound yourself on your own films? Particularly sound effects of the creatures' voices...*

RH— Outside of suggestions, no. We, of course, have many meetings with who ever is devising the effects, and both Charles and myself make suggestions as to how we see or rather hear the effects. But sound effects have a lot of experimentation to them and between all of us we arrive at a happy medium.

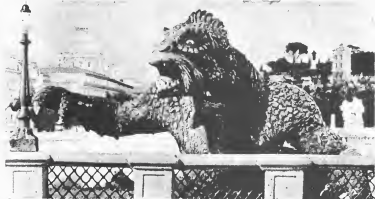
Q— *At what stage of scripting are you consulted about the visual effects?*

RH— Right from the beginning on all of our pictures. In fact, I've brought several story ideas and outlines to the

writers have not had the experience in the "special effects" field to know what could be done within a reasonable budget. Anything a writer can think of can probably be done if one had enough money and time to do it. I have always specialized in trying to produce a rather grand effect on a relatively small budget.

Q— *Which was the most expensive of your films?*

RH— I suppose *JASON & THE ARGONAUTS* because of the fact we were working with a ship. When a film unit works at sea there are always delays with wind, weather and keeping the ship in the proper direction for matching lighting effects. Then too we had



ginal score for a feature film. Few people seem to appreciate it but it is always remembered by fans of the film. Steiner was really the "daddy" of a technique of film scoring which was extensively copied, lasting all through the 30's, 40's and into the 50's. Another of his earlier film scores which impressed me was for the 1935 Merian Cooper production of *SHE*. He seemed to be able to produce the most haunting themes.

Q— *There were many versions of SHE...*

RH— Yes, but this one was the best I think. It had certain dramatic faults but it made up for it in spectacle and imagination. It had that rare feeling of true adventure in it as most all Cooper's films had at that time.

attention of Charles which were later developed into a screenplay. *SINBAD*, for instance, started from a series of drawings which I had made several years before. Charles got writer Kenneth Kolb interested in the project and he tied the drawings together with a story line. He wrote a good tight screenplay to tie these situations together plus adding a lot of new situations himself. A picture is seldom the product of one man alone.

Q— *We suspected it would be this way round, because not many script writers would put these types of scenes in a film.*

RH— They wouldn't because most

an exceptional amount of animation in the films.

Q— *Would that in fact mean that the Talos sequence and the skeleton fight took a similar amount of time, even though there is less work in the Talos sequence?*

RH— Well, more or less, because the Talos sequence lasted several weeks. The skeleton fight was, of course, very time consuming because there were seven figures to move each frame. These seven figures were in turn fighting three men which all had to keep in synchronization.

Q— *Do you ever use two cameras, one as a standby in case of trouble?*

RH— One cannot very well with process photography, rear projection and



travelling matte. Sometimes the use of two cameras simply defers your own time schedule.

Q— So you have no way of viewing rushes, as it were?

RH— Well, you don't see the complete rushes, no. You may see half of it when you're involved with travelling matte, but the completed picture can seldom be viewed until months later. It makes it important to know pretty well that the two pictures will fit together as it would be most difficult and expensive to call actors back at a later date to reshoot.

Q— Did you ever have any plans to show the surface of Venus in 20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH?

RH— No, we deliberately avoided that. I wrote the story outline some years before we made the picture. It was very short but had most of the key situations in it. I then got together with a friend of mine, Charlotte Knight, who was much more experienced at story writing than I was. She rounded out the live characters and put a great deal more substance in the story than was indicated in my outline. I remember we discussed it at the time and decided to keep all of the action on Earth rather than go up and come back which is almost another tale in itself.

Q— From your own point of view, would you have liked to?

RH— No, definitely not. The story we were trying to tell was: What may happen when man explores the universe and brings back to earth something of an alien nature. We did not want to become involved in space adventure to another planet.

Q— SINBAD was the film that seemed to suffer most from the scissors in Britain. On its first release it had an A certificate and the skeleton fight was complete; but on its re-issue it had a U certificate, and the skeleton fight was cut entirely.

Opposite page, above and below: 20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH, with the Yaw, one of the men alienated of alien, frustrated, persecuted and finally killed at the bitter end.





Scenes on this page of *IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA*.

Today, of course, in the last five or ten years, you have the rise of the anti-hero, which only goes to prove it. The more women he beats up, the more manly he does to his fellow men, the greater response by the audience. He is talked about and almost worshipped. I suppose there is something psychological in it all having to do with the times.

Q— It must come full circle eventually and then they'll get back to making some decent films . . .

RH— I don't quite know what's happened to the film market today. It's just fantastic what types of films sell themselves to the audience.

Q— Does any of your work end up on the cutting room floor?



RH— Not if we can help it. We try to calculate as closely as possible how much footage we will need so that there will not be too much overshooting. In animation, overshooting must be avoided as months of work can be thrown out because of lack of pre-planning.

RH— How much direction of live actors do you actually supervise on a film?

RH— Well, for my sequences I usually work out continuity sketches on paper first. Sometimes I direct the sequences myself as a second unit, and other times I let the director know what I need and he directs it. It depends on which actors are available, the schedule and other things. But I do direct whole sequences that involve my material.

Q— The crab in MYSTERIOUS ISLAND was very realistic . . .

RH— It makes me cringe every time I look at it. One time I took my daughter to see GULLIVER and SINBAD when they were playing together in a small theater in Victoria. Fortunately I had avoided SINBAD for a number of years because I knew there'd be a number of holes in the story where the scissors took over, I remember biting my tongue every time I had the courage to open my eyes. The holes in the story were there. The complete Skeleton sequence was out, but nobody seems to question it. It makes one wonder sometimes if anybody is really looking at the screen at all.

Q— The fight between the Cyclops and the Dragon in The VOYAGE was as natural as could possibly be imagined. In a live action fight, a fight arranger would be brought in; but how do you go about designing a fight for such alien life forms?

RH— The fight was cut down a great deal. It was about half the length of the

American version. The censor felt it far too exciting for small children. Unless one was to settle for an X certificate it was necessary to make some cuts. But to get back to your question, I try to make the imaginative creatures do things which I feel real animals might do. This was always one of my sore spots about SON OF KONG. He ended up as a clown. A cartoon character rather than a believable beast like King Kong. I try to avoid all of these grotesque gestures.

Q— Son of Kong was even sub-titled "A Phantasm-Comedy."

RH— I think tongue-in-cheek detracts from that type of subject. That was part of MIGHTY JOE YOUNG'S problem—too much tongue-in-cheek.

Q— JOE seemed to have something special about him. He was a very lovable character.

RH— Yes—but all through history people are most prone to talk about non-lovable characters, aren't they?





Another Harryhausen celebrity: THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS, based on Rex Stables' short story, "The Pigeons."

RH— [Laughter]. It should be. It came from MacFisheries!

Q— [Laughter]. It's quite a large one, isn't it. You don't usually see them that big—

RH— Yes, we asked for an exceptionally large one. We didn't want to boil him in the usual manner as he would turn bright red, so he had to be killed in another way. Later a special mechanism had to be put inside him to make the shell usable for animation.

Q— To make him do what you wanted him to do rather than what he wanted to do?

RH— Yes—there seems to be very few talented crabs available. We used a live crab for several close-ups, and ignoble that we were we ended up eating it afterwards!

Q— *Mysterious Island* was a film that seemed to slip in and out without anyone knowing, and yet it's quite a fascinating film, isn't it?

RH— I feel quite strongly about this problem. Perhaps you can say I'm prejudiced, but I believe many of our films "slipped in and out" because of improper publicity, particularly on TV. Then, of course, there is that old bugaboo of not having name actors in many of our pictures. I remember during SINBAD'S release in New York, there was a newspaper strike and all the advertising money was put into short clips for TV. This gave the audience a chance to see what it was getting. But of course TV advertising is so expensive today one can see why TV is limited. Then, too, the market is flooded with all of the dubbed films that are made with men in God-

zilla suits, men in Frankenstein suits and every other kind of suit. GWANGI, for instance—many people did not know what the word "Gwangi" meant, which is understandable. Some thought it was a Japanese dubbed film. Which is even more frightening is that many people, including my relations, never knew that GWANGI opened, and they lived almost next door to the theatre where it first played. One can only assume the word is not getting around the way it used to.

Q— The biggest problem seems to be that most of the Dynamation films become second features for some unknown reason—

RH— I know! And I can't really understand why! Many times they are far more entertaining to the audience than the so-called first feature and really is the reason why the audience came to



Scenes from *THE LOST VOYAGE OF SINBAD*. Top: Sinbad's hungry crew—below, Melina Roc is rescued not able to play. Not to say why more. — 2nd pic: Sinbad at, Sinbad in the famous skeleton fight sequence.—Kerwin Matthews holding a tiny Kathryn Grant (Mrs. Bing Crosby).

the cinema in the first place. But there seems to be planted in the distributors' minds something which tells them one must have a big name star in it or it will play second feature.

Q— It was really *ONE MILLION BC* with Hammer that got some good publicity...

RH— Yes, the Hammer Company is very astute about publicity. *ONE MILLION BC* did very well and got a lot of coverage.

Q— *BC* appears to be the film that suffered most from missing scenes: the pre-publicity that we received suggested there were going to be some terrific Brontosaurus sequences in it.

RH— Yes, but again we had the problem of overlength. I'm quite sure that if it had not reached the press about the missing scenes, they really would never have been missed. As it was, there was a great deal of animation in the film. One must be practical when the moment arises.

Q— We feel that the more of your work that's in, the better the picture.

RH— Yes, but you're animation fans! Some people can't wait until it is off the screen—they would rather see Raquel Welch's or some other pretty maid's bosom!

Q— Is the Brontosaurus in your display case there the one you made for *ONE MILLION BC*?

RH— Yes, we had the animal made, and it was used in one brief sequence. There was finally only one or two shots in the picture. In the discarded sections the Brontosaurus was to take the place of the big titard which in the original version trapped the people in the cave at the end of the picture.

Q— Did you see the original Griffith version?

RH— Oh, yes.

Q— A mating of the two films would have produced a really good picture. The live action of the Hammer version, we felt, was hardly nearly as good as the original, while the Griffith film [produced by Hal Roach, starring Victor Mature, Carol Landis and Lon Chaney Jr., 1933—Ed.] could have done with some animation to replace its pet *Starch*.

RH— The first version perhaps had a bit more heart, more sentimentality. The second version approached it from the cold cruelty with which primitive man is always associated. Both were successful in their time.

Q— Do you use a faster shutter speed than normal on live action that has to be integrated with animation later?

RH— It depends on the subject and the shot involved. Sometimes we undercrank it, sometimes we overcrank it.

Q— For example, in the *JASON* skeleton fight—on a still frame, a blur shows on Jason's sword, and although this wasn't shown on a moving picture, wouldn't this match in better with the animation if taken using a faster shutter speed?

RH— Well, yes—but you have a problem of keeping everything in synchronization when you're filming on the set. You simply do not have the time to tinker with various experiments of speed. It is important to know what you want and get it on film. Again, time is money.

Q— The Hydra must be the most ferocious of all your creations.

RH— Here's the Hydra himself. He's getting rather old now, and rigor mortis is setting in. All the heads had to be synchronized; that's one of the problems too. Every frame you move it maybe just a millimeter, and then you have to remember that this head was going forward, that head was going backwards, and that one was going down!

Q— Do you have to use a key, or does someone write it down to keep track of which head is going in which direction?

RH— No, no. I find it distracting to have anyone working with me...

Q— Do you make an original clay model and then take a cast?

RH— Yes, I design it first, and then sometimes I have a sculptor make the model for me. If I have a lot of animals, I just don't have time to do it all myself. I used to do it all, but now I have various people who are very good at sculpture, and I give them my drawings and they do certain parts for me. But the models are usually made in clay first.

With around one dozen pages or more remaining, part 2 and the conclusion of this interview will be in the next issue, including:
A complete checklist and bibliography of Ray Harryhausen's films.

In rather antagonistic postures, the civil rights avowed by Sinbad and his crew—versus the Cyclops above and the Dragon below as seen in their farewell performance in THE 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD.



DRACULA A.D. 1972

CAST & CREDITS

Christopher Lee: Count Dracula; Peter Cushing: Prof. Van Helsing; Stephanie Beacham: Miria Van Helsing; Christopher Hays: Johnny Almer; Michael Colas: Inspector Marsha Hunt; Gwendolyn Williams: Miss Lee; Marsha Hunt: Carol H. Harris; Janet Kay: Philip Miller; Michael Kitchen: David Andrews; Lolly Bower: and the Strongsville rock group. Director: Alan Gibson; script: Gue Houshelt; Makeup: Al Caperton; assist: Robert Lytle; designer: Don Menzies; music: Michael Viner; mus. dir: Philip Miller; 95 mins. Color.

SYNOPSIS:

The scene is Hyde Park, London, in a coach racing along in which Van Helsing and Count Dracula are fighting to the death. But 500 years later, Stephanie Beacham and a group of high friends are crash a society party. She's Cushing's wife. He's a young writer, and Cushing plays his own grandson. Christopher Neame (Dracula), leader of the far-out group, decimates them all, including a Black Mass. Stephanie and her boy friend Philip Miller discover it's also the anniversary of the writer Cushing's death, meanwhile, Neame performs a ritual over Caroline Meyer. When others in attendance flee in fright, Meyer is killed by the revived Lee (Dracula). Later, Neame brings a Black girl, Marsha Hunt, to Lee. Neame and Miller then become vampires. Later, Neame is killed by clear water in his bathtub and Miller dies at the graveyard from where Lee was revived. Using his blood-sucking powers, Cushing kills Stephanie and, for the time being, sends Lee back into hibernation.

Though excitement and suspense aren't spared, some fans of the genre may have trouble more finching at a number of enormous liberties taken to provide the latest vehicle for Count Dracula. Christopher Lee is in usual great form but, again, he becomes more of a canvas than greatest character, as in other recent Hammer epics, and a growing source of irritation to the many who would like seeing more of this fine artist. The story jumps from Van Helsing's battle with Dracula in the past, sitting into a modern setting, complete with the ease-travel life of the Chinese section of London and a rock band, hippies and assorted freaks. However, the Count's presence is felt as he threatens the present generation of the Van Helsing. A new wrinkle in vampire fighting methods is introduced: silver water and silver blades can thwart the undead. Alan Gibson's direction is smooth and vivid enough to make one almost prone to forgive various liberties.

Undoubtedly sleek, good entertainment all the way through—but inspired by lack of other sensitive sources employed by the late Seth Holt in creating BLOOD FROM THE MUMMINS' TOMB, which retained a powerful and classic period flavor though in modern setting. Lee's own special effects are good, and Stephanie Beacham in the femme lead has already won fame for beauty and her role opposite Marlon Brando in THE NIGHTCROWERS.

—Nicholas Morgan—



Opposite page: Chris Lee as Dracula has a beautiful and talented protege in Stephanie Beacham. Below: Lee and Cushing between takes and relaxing for a moment on the set of DRACULA A.D. 72. Lower left: Lee captures the tormented countenance of Dracula in one of his impersonations.





Countess Dracula



ABOVE: The naked bodies of Countess Dracula's victims. Left and right: The faces of Miss Ingrid Pitt in two different phases.

Made in 1970, *COUNTRESS DRACULA* is director Peter Sady's second Hammer film which, like his *Taste The Blood Of Dracula*, indicates his feeling for smoozing out male's primal "dark" shades—powers from "across-where," threatening to arise from some pre-accident once and take over.

Hackneyed as the plot may sound (in brief: aged mother learns that bathing in young virgin's blood restores her youth), Sady's direction and Ingrid Pitt's latest erotic a night-mare effect only superficially treated in a similar plot around ten years ago titled *THE LEECH WOMAN*. Some highly disgusting sequences are performed by Miss Pitt's admirable sense for bravura, as in scenes where she ages and realizes her victims' blood is only temporarily beneficial; or in the climax where she descends upon her daughter like a bloodthirsty fiend. Few actresses have developed their roles in horror films with such insight.

Raising the whole Freudian gamut of anti-maternalism, and the old-hat-the-young, greater potentiality is unraveled by drawbacks of an obviously rapid shooting schedule, and from a sense of period that does not seem to work: Late 16th century Romanians is a little disconcerting considering how off the period mood has succeeded when set in any early to late Victorian scene. The late Nigel Green, as the Countess' confidante, and Maurice Denham, as the old scholar, are excellent; but preoccupation with certain interior, and trafficking to and fro with immeasurable villages create tedious.

A Hammer Production released by 20th Century-Fox. Color. 94 minutes. Cast: Ingrid Pitt (Countess Elizabeth); Nigel Green (John Debel); Sander Elia (John Tuth); Patricia Collier (Julie); Maurice Denham (Faber); Peter Jeffrey (Carr); Dorothy LeMay-Anne Down (Irene); Peter Sady (as Peter Sady); script: Jeremy Paul; story: Alexander Paul & Peter Sady (from an idea by Gabriel Ronay); art dir.: Philip Harrison; editor: Henry Richardson.

Synopsis:

In a fit of temper, aging widow Countess Elizabeth cuts her chambermaid's faces, wiping away the splattered blood from her face. The Countess discovers it's had a rejuvenating effect, making her non youthful. She then orders Debel and her old nurse, Julie, to conspire in bringing in the chambermaid back for more blood which totally restores her youth but ends in death for the girl. After consoling further to have her daughter Irene abducted and hidden away, the Countess then begins to pose as her own



daughter. Everyone is completely fooled (except for Debel and Julie, of course) and taken in by her radiant beauty, including young Irene, a handsome young officer, with whom she falls in love.

At last, the Countess' youth lasts but little, and she must now resort to obtain more young girls for their blood. Along the line somewhere, the discoverer that one victim's blood has no effect. Pats, the old scholar, in researching through old books that only virgin blood works (not that of a used woman), confronts the Countess with this abominable revelation. Shortly, he pays for his knowledge with his life.

While making wedding preparations for Irene and the Countess' marriage, Julie and Debel learn that the kidnapped Irene (the Countess' daughter) is being set up as the next sacrifice, and plan to help her escape. In the chapel, halfway through the ceremony, the Countess suddenly ages again, older and more hideous than ever. She falls upon her daughter (who had been secretly watching the rites) with a dagger in trying to intervene, the blade strikes Irene through the chest, and she dies.

Now, the Countess is now in chains awaiting execution in a dungeon, ranting and railing—probably even saying, "Blood means never having to say you're poor," and maybe even awaiting for a sequel.

VAMPIRE CIRCUS



87 minutes — A Hammer Production, released by 20th Century-Fox, Color.
 Cast: Robert Taylor (Count Mitterhaus), Adrienne Cori (Gypsy Warrin), Laurence Payne (Shutler), Thorley Walters (Burgomaster), John Moulder-Brown (Gawth), Lynne Frederick (Dora Musker), Elizabeth Sell (Gerta Husar), Anthony Corlan (Emil).
 Prod. Staff: dir. Robert Young; prod. Wilbur Stark; script by Les Bowler; first asst. dir. Derek Whitehead; editor Peter Musgrave.

Synopsis:

In 1810 in the village of Schtetzel, Anna Mueller is discovered luring one of the local children into the notorious Count Mitterhouse's castle. The evil Count proceeds ruthlessly to take advantage of the child, rape, seduce, and drain her of her blood.

The outraged villagers attack the castle, plunging a stake through the Count's nasty heart. In his death throes the Count, understandably irate, curses the village's descendants unto posterity.

Before he dies, the Count whispers to his accomplice, Anna: "My—oh—ain't... Emil..."

Fifteen years later, the Count's curse is felt: a violent plague strikes Schtetzel. Meanwhile, a mysterious circus has come to town. Its leader isn't quite Lamont Cranston, wear the young men about town, but in reality the Count's cousin, Emil the bewitcher, who has all of the grace and poise of a rock-n-roll speed-train dropout. Emil has assorted pos-

ses into a pincher, bat, vampire, etc., but can't change his clothes.

After most of the precocious and retarded village kids have been decimated, Emil uses some of their blood to bring his cousin the Count back to life—or death, have it as you will.

All around this point it finally starts to dawn on one of the village heads what sort of a degenerate this Emil is, apart from owning the most complete pornography collection in Lower Slobbovia. When the villagers learn what horrors the Circus has created, they burn it all down (unfortunately, a MacDonald's Drive-In and Ronald MacDonal weren't even staged; this will be undoubtedly remedied in *THE MONSTER OF WHITE CASTLE*).

The villagers then proceed to destroy the now ravaged County, and the curse is at last ended.

VAMPIRE CIRCUS gets hamstrung by a galling low-budget look. Unimportant, yet sub-plots combined with several poor actors, and some good actors performing badly, and in defeating what could have been Hammer's greatest film.

In an unusually long and well-done five minute pre-credits Prologue appears Robert Taylor as Count Mitterhouse, brilliantly

playing his vampiric role to the hilt. But for the next 80 minutes he sits completely dormant in a coffin, dramatically coming back into grand action out of his coffin—for one minute. Of course, he's only the hardest working, best looking member in the cast...

Referee-by Robert Young, in his first directorial job, at least tries, however falteringly, several refreshing embellishments not often found. Apparently, he's also inspired greatly by Ingmar Bergman's *SEVENTH SEAL* and *HOUR OF THE WOLF*. The Circus performers and the village, isolated by plague from the outside world, often assume an ethereal, fairy-tale air, while scenes of the rituals is they due in the air and change to bats are truly magnificent. Another very good thing is the Circus' vampires are also endowed with woe-best powers. Director Young's film background bearing is evident, especially in his Cocteau-like treatment of a surreal movie scene through which characters walk in and out. Too bad Young's rich soulful got a little mangled in the kitchen; but, he may yet carve out a great name for himself and deserves watching.

—Cabin 7, Beck—

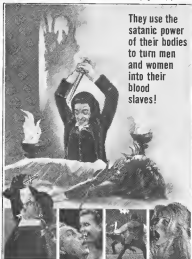


Originally titled "The Gemini Twins" and made more than a year ago, **TWINS OF EVIL** is more than worth the wait and can be chaired up among the "best" from Hammer.

Cenk again: the vampire theme proves ever endurable under (Wagnerian and sensitive director) and Charles Thomas as the notorious Count Karnstein interprets his role with that nerve and fire required but not often found.

Although director John Hough's name doesn't ring much of a bell, there's no doubt his technique is brilliant and masterful is yet "unshowy," but delightfully unrecognizable, version of La Fera's "Camilla." The plotting is excellent in that the opposite worlds and forces of Good vs. Evil do not plummet into the cardboard-like simplistic depths of more routine horror action.

Hough took pains to cross-fertilize the action (from Tudor Gates' fine, tight script)



They use the satanic power of their bodies to turn men and women into their blood slaves!

TWINS OF EVIL

with distinctly different elements: the righteous world of Puritanical witch-hunters, and the unbridled black magic world of vampires. Thus a fusion of the austerity of Puritan morality, personified by Peter Cushing and his crusading followers, their spartan lifestyle and meeting hall, are in stark contrast with the dark Gothic mysteries of Karnstein against but foreboding domain.

The meticulous planning and detail are self-evident with the expertise use of special lights and color filters enhancing Karnstein's male cattle—a remanitory spacious place complete with frightening sacrificial slab and huge Satanic oracle—counterpointing the village's provincial setting at the base of the moorland.

That Karnstein starts out as a whole vampire, quite arrogant and much gloated, but nevertheless quite human, and later turns into a vampire, is a fascinating approach rarely been little used and deserving attention as possible inspiration for future productions. The sequence where the reincarnated spectral form of Countess Karnstein (Camilla) attacks a terrified Karnstein, changing him into a sam-





ple, is alone a masterpiece of subtly inspired planning and control.

Director Hough is undoubtedly meant to be one of the great names in SPentary films. Any of his future efforts will be definitely and eagerly looked forward to with anticipation.

— Calvin T. Beck —

CAST & CREDITS

Madeleine Collinson (Frieda Gellhorn), Mary Collinson (Maria Gellhorn), Peter Cushing (Gustav Wehl), Dennis Price (Dietrich), Damien Thomas (Count Karnstein), Isobel Black (Ingrid Hoffman).
Director: John Hough. Assistant: Patricia Clayton. Script by Bert Lasker. Music: Harry Robinson. Musician: Philip Marshall. 87 Minutes. Color.

SYNOPSIS:

Orphaned at 18, identical twins Maria and Frieda move from Vienna to the village of Karnstein to live with their aunt, where Gustav Wehl (Peter Cushing), leader of a witch-hunting Puritan sect called the Brotherhood. One day Count Karnstein, libertine owner of Karnstein

Castle, quarrels angrily with Wehl in the town's residence. Frocked by a glimpse of the Count, Frieda tells Maria that she hopes to see more of him. During a sacrificial rite in the castle sponsored by the Count's procurer Dietrich, Karnstein inadvertently reincarnates his beautiful vampire ancestor Mirakula, who bites his neck and transforms him into a vampire. Some nights later, Frieda slips away to visit the castle and is herself vampirized by Karnstein. Frieda's murder victims soon include Dietrich and Ingrid, ruler of the local choirmaster Anton who is in love with Maria. When Frieda is imprisoned by Wehl on suspicion of being a witch, Karnstein switches the twins. Anton, however, soon discovers the fraud and, rushing to save Maria from being buried at the stake, Frieda is decapitated by Wehl. Karnstein takes Maria hostage and kills Wehl with an axe. Seeing Maria in danger, Anton hurls a lance through Karnstein's back.

* * * * *

ABOVE: Vampire muscled time as Count Karnstein and Frieda take time out mixing with a friend over a brood and coffin break.

OPPOSITE page: Top—Now a vampire, Frieda's fangul she's so talented. Middle—Happy they're now a stake in a ghoul mine, Karnstein and Frieda seem to be doing one of their favorite duets from Sweeney's "I'll Overcome."

Bottom—Vampire Erotica, on A Date with a Sinuous Lady, Transylvanian Style (Gisela Fritze is the one enjoying a stimulating encounter with Madeleine Collinson).



Above and below: Valerie Leon playing the possessed Margaret.



BLOOD FROM THE MUMMY'S TOMB

CAST & CREDITS

Andrew Hall (Plot), Julian Fuchs, Valerie Leon (Margaret/Queen Tera), James Villan (Corbeck), Hugh Burden (Dendriden), George Courtois (Benjamin), Mark Lowery (T.P. Browning), Roloff Churchill (Helen Graham), Andr. Aubrey Morris, David Markham, Joan Young, James Collins, David Jackson. Director: Seth Holt; asst. dir.: Derek Whitehead; script: Christopher Yasker; spec. fx: Michael Colfer; music: Trillem Lars; medical dir.: Philip Marshall. 94 minutes. Color.

SYNOPSIS:

In ancient Egypt a group of high priest entombs the evil Tera, a queen with great supernatural powers, surrounding her with relics in the form of a jester's skull and statuettes of a king cobra and a cat. They take the precaution of severing her hand (bearing the ruby ring which is the source of her power) but she is slaughtered by an invisible force as they leave the tomb. In the 20th Century, an expedition led by Julian Fuchs breaks into the tomb to find Tera's body unaged; beginning to succumb to her power, they carry the body and relics back to England with them. Fuchs' wife has died giving birth to their daughter Margaret at the exact moment of his discovery of the tomb. 21 years later Fuchs presents his daughter with the ring from Tera's hand; Margaret becomes gradually possessed by the spirit of Tera, seeking now to regain her earthly power. She rejects her boyfriend Ted in favor of guidance from Corbeck, an older member of her father's expedition, who has broken with Fuchs over a disagreement about the "morality" of Tera's power. Each of the other members of the expedition (Benjamin, Dendriden and Helen Jackson) is visited by Tera's spirit, bringing him violent death and reclaiming the tomb relics from their possession. Margaret wins Tera's death when he tries to intervene. Corbeck has discovered the Secret of Life and begins to read it in a ceremony to revive Tera's body; Margaret is torn between her father's anxieties and Tera's will. Fuchs manages to interrupt the ceremony, mutilating Tera and unleashing forces that bring the house crashing down on them. In the hospital the sole survivor is a girl, Possibly Margaret, or... Tera?

Loosely based on Bram Stoker's novel, "The Jewel of the Seven Stars," this is by far one of the most stylized and literary of a majority of Hammer's recent years, lavishly directed by the late and lamented Seth Holt (The Hunchback of Notre-Dame) who died before production was finished.

I was rather plucked by a number of reviews and comments from friends who said they thought it boring, slow-moving, dull.

On the contrary, there are those who think that for many of us have become anesthetized and "hypnotized" by too many modern fast-moving, high-velocity film techniques and SULLY and FRENCH CONNECTION; that a sense and capacity for "settling" down in a slow study and doing some of the work currently to entrap mood and ideas may be turning into a lost art (perhaps we want others to do all the work for us too much). The intent? Is a permanent handicap, and it's a pleasure returning to a creatively subtle atmosphere reminiscent of a few good old fashioned thrillers.

More than gratifying is that MUMMY'S TOMB seems a wonderful "horror" feeling that is undisturbed though actual is in our time, and this is an exceptional virtue, an uncommon experience. There are some grand elements of the Gothic supernatural, interwoven with dark comic forces. Treasuring in itself an art and "take over", once Tera's spirit regains power by taking over Margaret, what's sometimes tossed away with several lines of title dialogue in other films is delivered and reinforced by action and suggestion, conveying a frightening sense of real and diabolical powers that hold their victims in threat. The result is a captivating encounter in another dimension.

The cast is excellent, and beautiful newcomer Valerie Leon (playing Tera and Margaret) brings in not only grace but bravura to her role.

— Calvin T. Beck —

DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE

While DR. J & S/S HYDE cannot be designated for lacking entertainment, we hope this isn't a harbinger of too many others in a similar superficial vein.

One jarring note (having nothing to do with the film) was AIP's publicity: "Warning! The Transformation of a Man into a Woman will Actually Take Place Before Your Very Eyes!" For a change, Poe's name was absent from exploitation credits, though it may have been preposterous, in a sense, since no transfiguration ever takes place, unless one could count a short series of routine fades and dissolves.

Consequently, transsexuals, transvestites, and even Transylvanians may be disappointed if relying upon the publicity. As perhaps the genre's first excursion into its own version of "I Want What I Want" and "The Chris Jorgensen Story," Ralph Bates does, of course, go a little into drag and Martine Scutell acts kind of bitch a few times—and that's as far as it goes.

Though the story is quite on the slim side, vet director Roy Ward Baker (in Motion Years '64) and many money does his usual competent job on the Victorian atmosphere bus-

iness, wealth, sleaze and all. At least done 8 or 9 times into film, the 50s version classic about man's dual nature, like Mary Shelley's "Frankenstein" and Stoker's "Dracula," has yet to be filmed faithfully, but whatever liberties were made heretofore, none can deny this is the sharpest deviation so far.

Young Dr. Jekyll (Bates) is convinced, after working on a fly, that prolongation of life can happen with a special secret serum consisting of female hormones and stuff. His experimental fly lives several times its normal lifespan, but has also turned into a female.



Above: Ralph Bates looks like Jack the Jekyll. He's calling on ladies of the evening because he likes to sleep late all day. Below: Martine Beswick deals effectively with male chauvinism as Ms. Hyde as another victor for Women's Lib without Libido.



"Well, so what?" Jekyll seems to say; so after weeks of further experimentation, he gets the vacation and bliss he deserves and turns into Sister Hyde (Martine Beswick). It also proves a relief to the audience, tired of watching Bates become increasingly heaped and cranked over his test tubes. So when he takes The Girls, guess? No more Bates but sumptuous, enticing and damned alluring Martine Beswick instead (if anyone found that revolting, there'd be a helluva lot less men and more girls around). But the change last too little, and Sister must find more female victims from whom he extracts a certain fluid to carry on with his science. Now without the assistance of Bates & Hare (who have been dispatched by a group of angry villagers), Bates forges alone. Since this goes on frequently, it doesn't suffer from repetition because of adroit direction and hair-raising vignettes mixed with some gore carrying on.

While Jekyll may never have thought of going to bed in the past with another man, in 1972 almost anything went as Jekyll's "Sister" Hyde makes out with one of his/her neighbors. First not, however—it isn't Bates but Beswick who displays her well-shaped form. Eventually Sister Hyde is the truly dominant side of the good Doctor, who now wants out. But, too late—he's discovered and brought to an end and undergoing his drug routine along the walls of a roof, falling to his/her death, and changing back to the non-side side of Hyde. Or did was this little episode for Sister Hyde?

She cried and fled. Aaa, poor Sister Hyde did not able.

She tried and died. Naught left but formidableHyde.

—Calvin T. Beck—

CAST & CREDITS

Ralph Bates (Dr. Jekyll), Martine Beswick (Sister Hyde), David Gyn (Prof. Robertson), John Lewis Plender, Dorothy Allison, Neil Wilson, Peter Dean, Paul Martin-Jones, Philip Madoc, Tony Calvin, Susan Brockle, and others.

Director: Roy Ward Baker; musical dir. Philip Marshall; make-up John Wilcox; asst. dir. Bert Salt. No special effects are listed. 97 minutes. Color.

PARENTS: Be sure your children are sufficiently mature to witness the intimate details of this frank and revealing film.

Ghastly and snicker well you may At this funny and silly old today.



WARNING!
THE SEXUAL TRANSFORMATION
OF A MAN INTO A WOMAN
WILL ACTUALLY TAKE PLACE
BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES!

The fiendish daughter
of Jack the Ripper
kills again!



'Hands of the Ripper'

UNIVERSAL PRODUCTION A UNIVERSAL RELEASE

Probably one of the Ripper's hands was sticking up one of its middle fingers during the production. Whatever the case, this is one of Hammer's most meticulous efforts to date, despite a fine cast turning out typically good British performances, good sets, convincing and design—all doing nothing to alleviate lethargic camera work, slow direction and a bad script.

Unlike **BLOOD FROM THE MUMMY'S TOMB** great atmosphere, rich plot and mood, **RIPPER**'s tale stretches interminably, reified (if one can say it without sarcasm) only by a gaggle of quickie gory murders. It one breath, the story's about Ripper's daughter who witnesses her mother's death at daddy's hands (note to show he was a family man, which is rather new to all of us), she suffers from some sort of amnesia, and carries on her father's adventures and capricious Victorian traditions... and where would our Old London be without a Jack the Ripper?

Eric Porter—who played Scaramo in **BBC-TV's "Fanny Steptoe"**—plays a psychiatrist who attempts patient experiments on Ripper's daughter, Angharad Rees, and brings in some uncles for depth in his head-written part, as do most of the cast. The main problem is twofold:

Miss Rees's part is poorly written, and she has times more appropriate to a kiddie support show. A Hammer newswoman, Miss Rees is also a terrible actress... and horribly to boot.

More annoying is the fact that a director like Peter Sear (who proved damned well he can do better with **Courtesan Dancin'**, **Taste the Blood of Dracula**, etc.) didn't leave the scene to "fix" up the story, if for no other reason than to protect his image. As the great Marxist, Groucho, might've put it: If these were the Hands of the Ripper, thank God I didn't see his legs!

— Calvin T. Beck —

CAST & CREDITS

Eric Porter (Dr. John Pritchard), Angharad Rees (Anna), Jane Marrow (Lena), Keith Lee (Michael Pritchard), Derek Godfrey (Oswald), Clara Bryn (Mrs. Goddard), Marjorie Gifford (Mrs. Bryant), Norman Bird (Police Inspector), Margaret Kewley (Madame Ballard), Lynda Baron (Lord Lyle).
Director: Peter Sear; prod. Aida Young based on a short story by C.W. Cope; screenplay by Cliff Frank Goddard; music: Chrisopher YOUNG. 88 minutes. Color.

SYNOPSIS:

Time: London, late 19th Century. In a petty settlement, Jack the Ripper does some home work by slaying his wife to death in full view of his little daughter Anna, whom he then embraces. Years later at a dance conducted by Mrs. Goddard, a medium of dubious reputation, Anna is employed handling the fake ghost and doing "ghost" voices, attending the séance are Oswald, and Mrs. and Dr. Pritchard. Later, Oswald and Mrs. Goddard have an affair with Anna. Awailing outside for a cab, Pritchard hears screams, then runs back inside to find Oswald (repeated on a bedroom door with a sharp power. After a police investigation, Pritchard manages to become Anna's guardian and brings her to his home for therapy. While outside one day, he returns to find his maid, Daisy, killed by Anna. Pritchard keeps covering her follies, but more murders follow: Lord Lyle, a prostitute and Madame Ballard, the royal mistress. Each murder seems to occur after Anna has been kissed, and when Pritchard also kisses her one day, he is stabbed in the side by a sword. Pursuing Anna to St. Paul's, where she has been sent to the Whitechapel Gallery with the Carr's dead daughter, Laura, Pritchard is just in time to save the girl's life. Down below from the floor of the cathedral, he cat to Anna who turns herself down upon the Dr. Their bodies lie together, lifeless.



Jane Marrow (above) having her throat massaged by Angharad Rees. While Eric Porter (right)—who's seen better days as Scaramo in BBC's "Fanny Steptoe"—is looking over Miss Rees... for psychoanalytic purposes of course. Jack the Ripper (below) undoubtedly turned to crime by having the worst recorded case of acne known to science. Though but a bit part, the man who played Jack is unkillable. (If he were killed he'd be known as Jack the Quacker and eating Quacker Oats.)





STANLEY KUBRICK'S CLOCKWORK ORANGE

SYNOPSIS:

The film is set in the near future. Alex and his three teenage "droogs," Glen, Pige and George have just gotten high on mind-bending medicine and embark on a typical evening's recreation by beating up a drunken clerk, proceeding to beat the tar out of members of a rival gang, later going on to cause several accidents in a stolen car. The night's pleasures come to a head when they invade and wreck Mr. Alexander's country home as he watches, paralyzed by rage, as they take turns raping his wife. Next day, while his parents are at work, Alex receives a cautionary visit from social worker Delgado (who is also homosexual), and later enjoys a sex orgy with two girls picked up in a record store before setting off for another night's violence.

After slugging Glen and beating up his gang to reassert his leadership, Alex heads a plundering expedition to a luxurious health farm whose suspicious owner, the Cal Lady, alerts the police moments before he breaks in and kills her with a huge electric grill. Abandoned and betrayed by his gang, Alex is arrested and receives a fourteen year prison sentence for murder. After two years incarceration, and beginning to learn more of the System, he makes a bid for freedom by volunteering to undergo experimental shock treatments which the Minister of the Interior is advocating in a vote-getting scheme to eliminate crime [and, incidentally, to empty prison cells for political prisoners]. The "experiment" is in reality up-dated brain-washing techniques after two weeks' supervision under Dr. Brodsky, Alex is released into society, incapable now of committing further sexual violence or of listening to his beloved (delusional) Minnie without being assailed by nausea and a terror of death.

His parents greet him nervously with the news that their new lodger has taken his place. Crushed and homeless, Alex wanders by the river where he is recognized by the tramp victim [above] and beaten up by a pair of delinquents. Alex is rescued by two policemen, Glen and George, who have found their place in society knowing him to be defenseless, they beat him to a pulp and abandon him in the countryside. Seeking help, Alex sleeps to the nearest house, its owner, Mr. Alexander, surprised since Alex's assault and crossed by the subsequent death of his wife, doesn't know Alex's true identity at first, but as recognition begins to dawn he decides to combine his personal revenge with a plan to discredit the Government, and drives Alex to attempt suicide by his repeated playing of Beethoven's Ninth.

Slowly recovering in the hospital, Alex accepts lucrative offers from the Minister, anxious to demonstrate to the press and public that he had noble intentions and had done the boy no lasting harm. Alex lies contentedly in his hospital bed, contemplating fully the Establishment "mythology," dreaming of rape to the stirring strains of Ludwig Van.

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE

126 minutes. A Warner Bros. release of a Stanley Kubrick production. Produced, directed and written by Stanley Kubrick from a novel by Anthony Burgess. In color.

Cast: Malcolm McDowell (Alex); Patrick Magee (Mr. Alexander); Michael Bates (Chief Guard); Warren Clarke (Dad); Adrienne Corri (Mrs. Alexander); Carl Duering (Dr. Brodsky); Paul Farrell (Tramp); Michael Gough (prison governor); Miriam Collins (Cal Lady); James Marcus (George); Aulay Morris (Delgado); Clive Francis (bouncer); Godfrey Quigley (prison chaplain); Sheila Raynor (Minnie); Anthony Sharp (Minister); Dad (Philip Boone); Pauline Taylor (psychiatrist).

Prod. staff: executive producers: Max Rank, Si Liffenoff; camera: John Alcott; prod. design: John Barry; edit: Russell Hogg; Peter Ziskind; music: Walter Carlos; writing: Bill Butler; sound: John Jordan; Assistant directors: Derek Cracknell, Darcy Symonds, Bill Welch.

* * *

CLOCKWORK ORANGE is an exception to the usual rule and a film experience that may require time for knowledgeable evaluation and appreciation.

Kubrick's 2001 had immediate impact and success by virtue of its technical virtuosity and by being shot by original *Citizen Kane* screening (approximately 145 degrees), but disappointing in subsequent "flat" or so-called "wide screen" release. Its total cinematic screen minutes on sci-fi "hardware" and special effects diminished 2001's effect in ordinary situations, and almost a remarkable lack of foresight on Kubrick's part.

"The play's the thing" is an inescapable director, and 2001 proves no exception with a slim story-line that can be outlined in one breath: Space month appears in several stages of Earth's history, serving to precipitate the advancement of man's evolution each time it comes in contact... until a final and magnificent but perfectly ambiguous metaphysical climax.

By no means does Kubrick fall into the category of stony-eyed, struggling filmmaker yearning to be the fair haired boy of small art house poeas and cliques. Hardly an experimental dreamer, he is a shrewd businessman and an ingenious planner with incredibly precise insight into middle-class tastes and phobias. But though his works are commercial mass-market successes, he has also earned the respect and adulation of hard-core buffs and intellectuals and created a fanatically devoted cult.

Arriving at the peak of Movement-Shower power-drug celebration, 2001 was a predictable success. At the height of current social unrest, fear and reaction against crime-and-violence, a CLOCKWORK ORANGE couldn't help but be a success. In the hands of a lesser director, the film's familiar de luxe nature (i.e. *The Wild One*, *Pace In Your Zone*, *Easy Rider*) would in all probability result into utter banality. But perceptibility and magnification aside, there are other great directors also in existence who lack one thing Kubrick zealously controls and manipulates: being one's own producer. In all his contracts he dictates absolute, total control—and it's self-directed. Even when he has to make portraiture cuts (approx. 2 minutes from CLOCKWORK's original running time) predicted on business expedience. In this case the small cuts were created to compromise away the MPAA's unresolvable X-rating for an R rating to secure wider theatrical distribution.

Seeing CLOCKWORK the first time could produce a sense of repulsion and ambivalence as to any third of seductively being evident. In retrospective analysis and playing back one's memory tapes, everything starts sinking in with amazing precision and effect. There may even be a tendency to feel that Kubrick hit his high-water point with OR. STRANGELOVE and it's all been downhill since. Perhaps Kubrick may never again delve into virtual slapstick to create a black comedy masterpiece. But from FATHS OF GLORY to CLOCKWORK ORANGE, he has consistently proven himself an unforgiving explorer of words-within-words, unearthing in probing all facets and ramifications of forces and conditions affecting as the most.

Each of his films contain one central sounding board, or "conscience"—personality conflict or encounter with oppressive forces: Sterling Hayden's plans to defeat his poverty via hitting the jackpot in a big haul meet with futility in THE KILLING.

Kirk Douglas is a vociferous, disillusioned, war-weary career officer against the French Army establishment in FATHS OF GLORY. The eternally broken hearted man, searching for love and the "ideal," is portrayed by James Mason in LOUISE.

Peter Sellers represents in triplicate the ubiquitous duncehead, always blocking progress, in OR. STRANGELOVE.



Man's eternal search for "the answer" and a means of overcoming his mundane environment is enacted by Man in various stages of evolution: as an ape, space scientist and astronaut in 2001.

And now—CLOCKWORK'S delineation of the Conspiracy of Violence, personified by Malcolm McDowell's Alex who, from victim, grows up to learn of its most sophisticated application and refinements under the expertise of The System and the State.

Alex comments: "It's funny how the colors of the real world only seem real when you ridy them on a film." What Kubrick's done is to take them from Burgess' dark 1962 novella and make them superbly and uncomfortably more real than its author could predict—hoodlums recruited by police departments, and roving gangs murdering innocents in their homes (the Black Man Man of Chicago's area, for example) are not of the "future" but what has already come to pass.

No matter how artistic and masterfully is its treatment, the danger of dealing with relevancy on the screen is its habit of dating too soon, or that its creator may be overestimating his audience's sense of comprehension, or—conversely—underestimating its sly and





CLOCKWORK ORANGE's vision of "future" violence may not be any longer fiction but fact. Although modern urban violence may seem like a harrier new phenomenon, it was endemic in large city areas in what was considered a more "backward period." The noted illustrator, William Hogarth, was particularly interested in social conditions around 18th century London and etched them out brilliantly in hundreds of illustrations. By some un-gauging estimation Hogarth's work (above), depicting violence visited upon a household, could have served to inspire Burgess' novel and Kubrick's film—almost 200 years ago!



insensitivity, particularly now in the "down" atmosphere of the 70's.

Judith Crist and other journalistic sophisticates were scolded by the film and gave out with rare reviews because they all live in crime-infested areas; and because Kubrick understands the problem so well that he divides American residency and lives in London, he could create more objectively from afar.

Whether or not CLOCKWORK'S denouncement—the Establishment as a perpetrator and, essentially, the cause of crime-and-violence—has any profound effect on mass thinking and a comprehensive-indoctrinated middleclass, only time will tell.

For the moment, Kubrick appears to be the most capable director around, scanning the screen with a focus and depth rarely ever realized. Four years between films seems an agonizing wait; but if quality and gravitas, like good wine in old bottles, takes its time to Moscow, we must learn to be patient.

— Calvin T. Beck —



A CLOCKWORK Mini-Review by Shab Stewart

Beyond any doubt—another stylish masterpiece by Stanley Kubrick, featuring superb cinematography, brilliant design and art direction. And... Malcolm McDowell, a new actor with a sense of timing and precision equal to that of his director. *CLOCKWORK* answers the question: "What the hell was happening down on Earth while all those moon-lifts and satellites were tooling around in space to the tune of the Blue Danube?" The answer: violence, choreographed to Ludwig Van's 9th, Gene Kelly's "Singing in the Rain," Walter Carlos' electronic music and Rossini's "The Thieving Magpie."

Like the still photographs of Edward Roucha, the Kubrick eye peers into the direct center of a sterile chrome and plastic landscape. A shiny webbed of lewdish lubbilubbing and dressing, eddy keelsky and leasomey seagay until the holyhoy Bog and Storchild come clapping. Real horror-show. Several really elusive inside jokes: a record rack with the 2001 album, author Burger's name buried in a mass of reprint. The cast comes through with brilliance, especially Patrick Magee in an excellent performance.





CAST & CREDITS

Oliver Reed (Finn), Geraldine Chaplin (Carolyn), Diane Cilento (Edna), Don Gordon (George), Bill Nighy (The President), Audrey Woods (Doctor), David Mendenhall (Doctor),
Director: Michael Cammu; Producer: Max Linich; Designer: Tony Martin; Special Effects: Dennis Manning; Technical Advisor: R.C. Northampton. \$6 million. Color.

SYNOPSIS

Overpopulation and rampant pollution in the 21st Century make it necessary for world governments to decree that no children be born for 30 years with a death penalty for all offenders. Russ and Carolyn McNeil, a young married couple, are revolted by the robot dolls that the State provides as child substitutes; when Carolyn becomes pregnant, she and her husband do not take the usual steps to abort the babe. When they convert an abandoned booth shelter underneath their house into a nursery, the couple next door, George and Edna, discover their secret but agree to keep quiet in consideration that they take turns in sharing the baby. As both couples are zealous in having exclusive possession of the child, tension starts to develop. Eventually, in a fit of jealousy, George and Edna report the baby to the authorities, and Carolyn and Russ are arrested. But the McNeils have planned for this eventuality and, taking an escape route through the streets, carry the babe in a rubber life-suit to the open sea in search of a new life for their child.

ZPG (Zero Population Growth) got an onslaught of ridiculous negative criticism from nearly every point of the compass; it was all very unparliamentary in view of the great glowing reviews over the similar but terribly dry and stilted THX-1138. What many reviewers objected to seemed to be several moments of so-called schizoid parent-and-child interludes, condemned for being translucent of "lucky Hollywood waccons of the 40's and 50's," as one reviewer put it. But even if this were so, it doesn't take more than ten percent of film time.

Rather than obsession with these small moments, the critics overlooked ZPG's 1984-like gross and frighteningly realistic projection of a future whose roots are unplanted in 1973. Though "inevitably" seen in head again, it's one solid sci-fi bummer—a scathing panorama of a 21st century super ghetto ordained by the System's preordained ghetto conspiracy.

Future life in ZPG is a monotonous series of synthetic, plastic events. While even in SILENT KUNNING some part of nature still existed underneath a space dome, in ZPG the nearest to it are synthetic reproductions in a local museum; people have to line up for hours to get inside. Babies have also been banned and illegal on pain of death; but, there are "substitutes" for which a family waits several months—to obtain a walkie-talkie robot "baby" that's more like a bad dream, but is programmed to respond and answer at the sound of its name. When Geraldine Chaplin and Oliver Reed have a real baby born to them, they are discovered hiding it away; they are sentenced to death by the State and placed under a plastic bubble dome.

Cripping over certain "unavoidable" moments and other tiny details is ridiculous—ZPG is a very refreshing look and twist on the "future society going to hell" theme. All actors are fine, outstanding performers. Sets are stark, suggestive, real and "unreal." There's an Alice-in-Wonderland sense of unreality-within-reality—it's, in a sense, another but damned good filmic sequel to 1984 genre producing films that include *Fahrenheit 451*, *Alphaville*, *THX-1138*, etc.

In toto: ZPG is better than at least one-third of 1972's film output, and what better recommendation can there be than that?

—Cabin T. Beck—

Z.P.G.



Even with a few minor imperfections, **THE PIED PIPER** beats hordes of sets through the medieval town of Hamelin, showing into limbo commercial quickies like **WILLARD** and **BIN**, and stands out at least like a small jewel. Helming production is the notable Jacques Demy who already has won wide acclaim for films like *Lola*, *Le Rose des Vents*, *Pan d'An*, *Model Shop*, his most famous *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*, and the shamefully neglected *The Young Girls of Rochefort*. All of them "bounced"—and, like *Anger*, *Pan d'An*, and *Model Shop*—like **PIPER**, all bear the Demy fairy tale touch. Though **PIPER** doesn't fully measure up to his best ability (it does drag slightly and gets a little over-talky), it does definitely carry the air and "look" of some of the very best of the good-art house type films (not that art houses aren't also coming everyone with a plethora of pseudo-intellectual crap—but this

ART BY MICHAEL

craving for the maories and phages berisping its town; an eleven-year-old, Lisa (played by Cathryn Harrison, daughter of Noel Harrison, son of Rex), is forced by her greedy hunger-monger father to marry the Baron's evil son, Franz. And—when the town promises an ample reward to the Piper if he gets rid of the rats, they cheat him and offer only a few small coins.

The relevancy angle has been gratingly and clumsily available; the case here is quite different by being handled with poetic sense and the eye of a Dutch painting master. Of course, one can't help ignore Demy's homage to Bergman's **SEVENTH SEAL**, a director who's obviously deeply affected Demy in this case.

All actors are excellently cast, especially Dana Dorn who has evolved not only into a fine actress (after easy soap roles in the late 50's and early 60's) but has, perhaps, become the world's sexiest plump actress! Donovan, a non-actor, is remarkably controlled and re-

Director, Jacques Demy; cast: Dan Thomas, Michael Liebke, daughter Antonia Gordon, and the John Stearns, get talent John Hoffman. — BO WATSON, COLOR.

SYNOPSIS:

Germany, 1349. A family of strolling players are traveling to Hamelin and are joined by whydare, and by the Pied Piper who shows up from nowhere and warning them to change direction for Hamelin because Hamelin's evil by the Black Plague. Hamelin meanwhile is preparing for the wedding of 13-year-old Lisa, daughter of the Bürgermeister to Franz, wealthy, scheming son of the Baron. Lisa is ill with fever but miraculously saved on hearing the Piper's music promise her wedding, real deal, Lisa falls to love, cropped experience to Meilus the alchemist, suddenly the rats are discovered coming to town! Meilus first warning everyone about the plague-carrying rats and begins trying to create an antidote. Meanwhile, the town suffers a critical monetary shortage and Franz orders Meilus to create gold. Unbeknownst, the rats start taking over, and when the town beseeches the Piper to lure the creatures away, he does so but is later cheating at a promised sum. Meilus is burned at the stake as a heretic, for refusing to accept about his warnings that not divine vengeance but rats bring plague, and for failing to make gold. The Piper takes his revenge upon the evil town by luring off and disappearing with the children. Forever so, it seems, a supplier and creature world, back in town, the malicious Franz is horrified to discover signs of the Black Plague on his own foot.

is a subject for another time). Consequently, this makes a rare art film entry in the usually commercial fantasy film market.

There are also reminiscences and suggestions of some other productions set in similar periods, more or less, circling around similar themes such as **MARK OF THE DEVIL** and Russell's **THE DEVILS**—but where **MARK** is disgusting and evokes revulsion, and though Russell's film is a gigantic structure that horrendously disembowels the disease of institutional and bourgeoisie hypocrisy with jagged strength, Demy treats the disease subtly with poetic delicacy.

Photography is brilliant—some scenes just pop out as if paintings by Holbein or Rubens suddenly came to life. It's almost impossible remembering when color was ever put to such fine use (also, the print screened was total perfection).

Delicate as Demy's structure is, it is permeated with strong portraits of evil, impending death and the terrible death brought on by the Black Plague. There are also powerful intonations of social relevancy.

A de Vinci-like realizer, man, Meilus the alchemist, is persecuted for being too wise and a Jew; the Church put greater emphasis on warring wealth on a great cathedral than

trained; but the film scenes which he wrote in of first quality, often cleverly placed in the background, realistically stylized and simple, gradually drifting and allowing suddenly to symbolic discussion in the tradition of Mozart and Beethoven.

Obeds to Donovan for great scoring, and to Demy for one of 1972's best films!

As a sad foot-note: Flashed with the success of the film world's No. 1 boxoffice champion, **THE GODFATHER**, Paramount threw away **PIPER** and ZPG in quick, poorly publicized run-off.

— Calvin J. Beck —

CAST & CREDITS:

Donovan (Pied Piper), Donald Pleasance (Baron), Jack Wieg (Demy), Michael Hoffman (Franz), John Hoffman (Franz), Roy Kinnear (Bürgermeister), Dana Dorn (Lisa), and Antonia Gordon (Franz's daughter).

THE PIED PIPER

The following interview is the result of a two-and-a-half hour seminar with Douglas Trumbull, director of *SILENT RUNNING*, and special effects assistant on *THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN* and *2001*. July 19, 1972 was the night that Trumbull visited a film class at the University of San Diego, bringing with him a few clips from *SR*. Trumbull, average height, thick wavy hair, plump and boyish looking, soon proved himself to be surprisingly eloquent. His replies to questions thrown at him were instantaneous, witty, sometimes sarcastic. Trumbull was plainly dressed, in boots, blue jeans, and blue denim shirt. On his right sleeve was sewn an identification patch, identical to Naval Vessel recognition stripes: U.S.S. Valley Forge. Trumbull is 31.

CoF: What gave you the initial idea for *SILENT RUNNING*?

TRUMBULL: There never was a first thought that went through my head. I suppose two, or three, things happened simultaneously. I had never really been a science fiction fan until *2001*, so I suppose that experience was the initial thrust. After working with Stanley, I began to think—what would it be like to make a film of an astronaut, carrying something—freight or cargo—between planets? How would he live? What would his routines be? Thoughts like that. From there, it just developed by itself.

CoF: Spontaneous evolution?

T: Exactly. You know, watching the idea develop was personally one of the most fascinating elements of making that film. You get an idea, you play with it, it turns into something else, that's examined, that changes... Fascinating.

CoF: Since *SILENT RUNNING* and *2001* both deal with the effects of isolation on humans in space, would you say that *SR* was a sort of "Son of" *2001*?

T: Not at all. Look, obviously I was influenced by *2001*. But in many ways *SR* was a reaction against *2001*.

CoF: How so?

T: Stanley's vision of space travel

Douglas Trumbull (who resembles a young Charles Laughton) and Bruce Dern on the set of *SILENT RUNNING*.



AN interview with **DOUGLAS TRUMBULL**, creator of special effects for **2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY**, and optical effects for **THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN**, and... creator and director of:

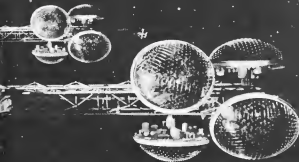
"Silent Running"

Interviewer: Paul M. Sammon

may be a part of what will happen. It's certainly not the total picture. It's definitely not my view. 2001, in many ways, was cold and repellent. As everyone said, the only human on board Discovery was HAL. I didn't see it that way at all. Futurity does not necessarily denote inhumanity. The character that Bruce Dern plays is warm, funny, fallible. I decided to work with that human element.

Col: The Drones contribute to that warmth.

T: It's cynical about the drones. If you were to see the film again, you'd see that most of the humanity of those machines is a result of your own pro-





Between takes in the filming of *SILENT RUNNING*, the "voice" of the Ooroon locomotion is revealed as Cheryl Spier, one of the employees, has a chat with Bruce Dern.

jection. They're programmed metal; if you need a companion, you simply push a button. If you need a surgeon, you change its function—very simple.

CoF: But there's obviously a great amount of emphasis on the drones to humanize them.

T: Part of SR's theme is the relationship between Dern and his drones. It's not 2001—machinery isn't malevolent. They're simply tools. Look, here you have this guy who's a murderer. He's killed three of his friends. He's alone on a vessel that's as isolated from the rest of the population as possible. He begins to crack, to feel his conscience. So he creates companions by reprogramming the drones. An interesting thing.

CoF: There was a photo article in *Esquire*...

T: Yes. It was a very cruel thing. Cold. We tried to stop it. Tried to stop them printing it. So, we used amputees. So what? They're people. That's a horrible cliché, but it's true. They're human beings.

CoF: How did you get the idea for using amputees for the drones?

T: When I was in London, working on 2001, I saw a film called *FREAKS*. Have any of you seen it? Well, there's one little fellow; he's very handsome, and neat—he's dressed in a tuxedo and a bow tie. Only, from the waist down, he isn't there. So, here's this remarkable, beautiful guy, with this amazing agility,

leaping and running on his hands through the room, jumping up on chairs, etc. And not once did you feel horrified. You're amazed and respectful at his adjustment. That impression stayed with me when it came time to cast the drones. I knew what I wanted.

CoF: Wasn't there any resistance to the idea of using these people?

T: Only from the studio. Producers are the most unpleasant groups of humans on the earth. They said we could use midgets, or children, but not amputees—we had to fight very hard for that. And it worked.

CoF: You say "kids." How old were they?

T: Fifteen to twenty-two. Four of them worked with us. One was a girl, one was a black kid from Watts who leaped off a moving train. The others were congenitally handicapped. This was, literally, the only job these people could get.

CoF: How did they like the work?

T: They loved it. They all made a lot of money and spent it like crazy.

CoF: For non-professionals, they certainly did a fantastic job.

T: Yes. They were a great help. Speaking of ideas, and things just happening—do you remember the bit when Huey is outside the ship, waiting for Bruce to give orders? If you look closely, you'll see he's tapping his foot.

That was a spontaneous thing. He, the actor, was bored, so he tapped. We filmed it.

CoF: When Dern comes into the rec' room, two of the drones are waiting. One drone has his back to the door. Drone facing Dern taps drone facing away on shoulder. Drone turns. Was that bit in the script?

T: It all comes back to what we were saying about things just happening. These guys were cooped up in six-inch thick plastic suits. They could barely see. The only way they could communicate was by yelling and banging each other on the shoulder. One day I saw them doing this on the set, and I thought, "Great!", and we put it in.

CoF: I noticed that there's very little matte work in SR. Was this because of budget reasons?

T: No. Our budget was \$1,300,000. We could have done more mattes, but I didn't want them. Without getting very technical about this, when you do matte work, you're combining anywhere from 2 to 5 separate pieces of film on one frame. You're bound to get some distortion, some misalignment. You've all seen movies where there's obviously been some kind of superimposition, like a spaceship floating with a thick blue line around it. Your mind, unconsciously or otherwise, immediately begins screaming "phony." You've wrecked a very delicate illusion. So if you film as close to reality as you can, you've done better than any matte work can. We used a lot of back and front projection to achieve this.

CoF: Speaking of spaceships, tell us what you did to create the Valley Forge?

T: You want technical information? The model was 23 feet long. It was made of plywood and balsa wood, molded plastic. You know all those pipes and tubes and machinery on the outside, that fantastic maze? [Laughs.] It's all a lot of model tank hubeaps. We went out and bought a lot of Aurora kits, took out the accessories, and threw the rest of the kit away. Panzer hubeaps. Look closer next time.

CoF: I noticed that the domes boulding the forest were of a reflective



Bruce Dern and the Drosses, Hazy and Dewey, as tenants of the only remaining space home housing the last of all fiers and foamers.

glass. Didn't that present some problem?

T: The solution, when you think about it, was pretty obvious. We simply painted the studio that held the model black—walls, ceiling, floor—all black. Reflection was zero then.

CoF: Any other technical problems?

T: Only with the carpentry union. We used a vacuum molding process for the Valley Forge, which eliminated the use of a lot of wood. Naturally, the union was upset, but we ignored them. The process is neat, actually. You get a large flat sheet of plastic and suck it into a heated vacuum mold, and end up with any shape you want. We got \$75,000 worth of free plastic from Dew, so we employed a minority group. [Laughs.] People don't realize companies are drafted by the government just like people are. If you don't go, you're out of business.

CoF: Were the interiors a set piece? They didn't appear to be.

T: You're right. The navy let us use an old aircraft carrier, which was in drydock. All those knots and handles

and wiring—that's what I imagined a spaceship would be. The only set we used was for the forest. That was an abandoned airplane hanger.

CoF: With all this talk about details, we seem to have forgotten the general. Just how did you get a chance to direct SR, your first feature?

T: After I finished on 2001, I rented out a little store in L.A. for \$50 a month. I started out with one camera, and, over 3 years, built up my business. On the strength of the fact that I had worked for Stanley and had a successful business going, I got the offer from Universal to make SR.

[NOTE: Trumbull has a firm which makes commercials utilizing many of the effects of 2001 and SILENT RUNNING. Among his clients are True Cigarettes, which has a monolith sequence, plus Times and CBS.]

CoF: How was Kubrick to work with?

T: Stanley's an egomaniac, but there's no denying he's a genius. He must have an IQ of at least 200. He can be talking on the phone, watching

a football game, figuring a production sheet, and talking to you all at the same time. But Stanley can be maddening. He wants control over everything. He had some of the best illustrators in the business tell him that some of the things he wanted for 2001 were impossible; but he went ahead and tried them anyway, and found they were impossible! That's why 2001 cost \$12 million instead of \$4 million. Let's be fair—this experimentation led him into some brilliant areas.

CoF: How was the script decided on?

T: Stanley and Arthur just didn't get along. About midway through the collaboration they started going in two different directions. Clarke was writing his book, and Stanley was writing a movie. Arthur is highly accurate on technical information, which is great, but not necessarily good for dramatic narrative.

CoF: It sounds as if the atmosphere was a bit chaotic.

T: Not at all. But the script was a mess. Once I went into Stanley's office. At this point, there were four men on the Discovery, two had gone



A graduate of Astoria Studio, 56-year-old Bruce Dern has finally found stardom after floundering around over 14 years. At one point his career seemed caught in a perpetual circle as he was steadily typocast in one "niche" role after another and was a familiar TV face in numerous wild-and-woode roles, including *THRILLER*, the Hitchcock series and many other shows. Having proved his abilities in the role of Freeman Lowell in *SILENT RUNNING*, Dern makes no secret of being melange in having broken out of his typocasting mould.

to Jupiter, somehow they were killed; it was confused, to say the least. So I went to Stanley, said, "Stanley, why don't you just have one man go to Jupiter?" Stanley can be really cruel at times. He told me I was crazy, to get out. A week later, a note was posted. It said the script had been changed, that only one man would be going to Jupiter. That's the way Stanley is, you just accept it.

CoF: What was your overall reaction to working on 2001?

T: It was the best film school I ever went to. I was an illustrator, who had done a little work on SF, before I was hired for 2001. I was given unlimited funds and absolutely no deadlines for my work. So I started out with a still camera, learned to develop my own pictures, and worked my way up to motion, to familiarize myself with it.

CoF: Did the slit screen come out of your own head?

T: Myself and others.

CoF: How does it work?

T: You've seen postcards of a city at night, with time exposures on them, where the twilights of the cars are long red streaks? Basically that's the principle behind it. The designs for the tunnel of light sequence were painted on glass plate, five feet by twelve,

We placed the camera in a slit in front of the plates like this [T. draws on blackboard], then moved the plates on a time exposure.

CoF: The designs for the light-tunnel were hand drawn? Weren't there some computer graphics?

T: None. It was all done by hand.

CoF: How long did you work on the slit screen?

T: About six months. Everyone always asks about the slit-screen. About 90% of the other effects we developed were never used by Kubrick.

CoF: Why not?

T: The reason Kubrick gave was that our effects didn't go along with his idea of what his film should be. Time was another element.

CoF: What wasn't used?

T: We had worked out some three-dimensional concepts of an extraterrestrial, for example.

CoF: How long were you involved in 2001?

T: About two and a half years.

CoF: Is there anything else you would like to say about *SILENT RUNNING*?

T: One thing, and then we can break this off. Bruce Dern was an absolute joy to work with. Usually Dern plays a knife-wielding wild-eyed baby killer. When you see him wave that knife... Jesus! You believe in him. And then I saw him in *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* I realized that, typically, he'd been typocast for years. When I saw this sweet, kind man for a change, I made up my mind for my lead.

I can't emphasize enough how great Bruce was to work with. During the 37 days we were in actual production, Bruce talked with me for hours, developing his character. Bruce is a method actor, but I don't mean that in a derogatory sense. It was a very hard role for him, emotionally. When Bruce breaks down in front of the camera, as an actor he's bringing back emotions of ten years when his two year old daughter died in a swimming pool accident.

CoF: Not to sound too vicious, but I thought that Dern overacted—excessively.

T: I'd agree. It was partly Bruce's fault, partly mine. There was even worse that ended up in the cutting room.

CoF: How were the other fellows to work with?

T: The other three wouldn't cooperate at all. Their attitude was, "Here's this inexperienced director who doesn't know anything, let's not help him at all." But they were supposed to play jerks, and the audience reacted to them as jerks, so it came out alright. They typocasted themselves.

CoF: What are your current projects?

T: They're several. One's called *THE RIDE*. I've also been collaborating with M. Cohen on the scripts for *THE SPACE MOUSE* (that might wind up on TV as a quickie), and *THE DOLPHIN PROJECT*. We just sent that script to MGM; we've got our fingers crossed. *PYRAMID* is what I'm working on now.

CoF: *PYRAMID*? Could you give us an idea of what it's about?

T: Sure. It's futuristic, five hundred years from now, the sun goes out. Now, earth has already been depopulated. There's this huge city-state, the only complex left, with a perfectly balanced economic, sexual, political system that seals itself in a dome the moment the sun dies. No one knows where the dome comes from. As it turns out, scientists centuries beforehand have calculated the catastrophe, they knew it was going to happen—they've built this dome, the city was never told. Now, there's an energy source for the city. One person is all that's needed to tend. He begins to think: "This could be put into orbit, a new sun." So here's the conflict. He can either leave Eden and bite the apple or stay put.

CoF: And?

T: You'll have to wait. [Laughs.]

CoF: The special effects for *PYRAMID* sound exciting—and difficult.

T: They will be. I wish you wouldn't refer to me as a special effects artist. As far as I'm concerned, all the aspects of a film are special effects. That's complete unreality. A movie is nothing but special effects.

CoF: Do you have any suggestions for others interested in film as a career?

T: Get on the lot where the movies are being made. I'm the exception to the rule, you understand. I'm in an unusual position. You might try to contact the American Film Institute in L.A. Not only will they try to get you a job, they hand out scholarships along with that.

CoF: In closing, Mr. Trumbull, what do you think of your own movie?

T: [smiles] — It's not bad for a first feature.

The End



FRANKENSTEIN TV Movieguide

Bela Bartok, Charles Fort and Yves Tanguy never had the opportunity to read the FRANKENSTEIN TV MOVIEGUIDE, but you do . . . so onward! Excalibur! . . .

After last issue's hiatus, CoF continues onward with the conclusion of the M film list (M's first part is in CoF No. 17).

MIRAGE (109 min; Univ-1952). Unusual, riveting mystery with science-fiction overtones. Oregon Peck is attorney involved in the justice of Peace Foundation director during city power failure, followed by sleazy character and entangled in intricate, revealingly enigmatic. Peter Jacobson script from Howard Fast novel plays intelligently upon science and social sciences and philosophy. Rich characterization, moody Edward Dmytryk direction, disappointingly ending. Walter Matthau, Kevin McCarthy, Jack Wadsworth, Lili Elzard, George Lindsey, Robert R. Harris.

MIRANDA (76 min; Eagle-Lew-1948). Similar to U.S. made "let, Beauty and the Mermaid," the British "Touch" has greater charm and whimsy to talk of loveless mermaid who falls in love with a human, Glynnis John, George Wadsworth, Griffith Jones, Colin.

MISSILE BASE AT TIANJIA (100 min; Rep-1953). Mountain hero fails every agent plotting destruction of North American cities in new re-edited version of serial "Canadian Mountain Vixen" (home releases) one of Republic's lesser efforts. Somehow, sitting through while serials are viewing seems preferable to these cut-downs, which have lots of action but none of the unique Serial Sensibility, acquired only through single episode or four-hour marathons. Bill Henry, Arthur Space, Susan Morrow.

MISSILE MONSTERS (75 min; Rep-1958). Martian plots with telescopic Earth scientist to invade our planet. Feature version consisting of several chapters chosen, apparently, at random from 1955 serial "Fighting the Men from Mars." Reasonably good fireworks. Walter Reed, Lois Collier, Gregory Day.

MISSILE TO THE MOON (76 min; Astor-1958). For some unfathomable reason, in 1959 they decided to remake CATWOMAN OF THE MOON. Teenaged reform school escapes blow on rocket which lands on Moon, Red (and of course) lost women. Grinning with stock shots, laughable and "suspense effects," grade-C space opera intended to see respect: It's worse than its companion, Richard Todd, Cady Dorek, Glynnis John, K.T. Stevens.

MISSING JUROR, THE (71 min; Col-1946). Entertaining and suspenseful "M" mystery. Juror who convicted innocent man gets hooded off one by one. Holds the innocent, and George Macready is always free to watch. Jim Bannon, Jack Carter.

MR. ARKADIN (88 min; WB-1955). Great looking Orson Welles mystery, unreleased in USA until 1962. American smuggler (poorly played by Robert Alden)

is lured by wealthy financier Welles to investigate his shady deal, evidence murder, crime, etc. Unfortunately, narrative is hopelessly confused due to complete reediting and juggling of sequences by reworked distributors. But worth seeing because it's a Welles film. Many compelling scenes. Akim Tamiroff, Paula Hays, Michael Redgrave, Elinor Bar, Patricia Medina, Peter van Eyck.

MR. BUG GOES TO TOWN (aka: HOPPY GOES TO TOWN).

MR. CRANE'S DUCK (76 min; UA-1951). Swift, funny British-made Val Guest comedy-fantasy about duck which lays uranium egg. Very underrated by USA critics. Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Wilford Brimley-White, Howard Marion Crawford, Yolande Donlan.

MR. HEX (83 min; Mosaic-1948). Typical Bovey Boys "comedy" (you either love 'em or hate 'em). Hantz Hall becomes boxer through hypnotism . . . with all the stylistic and brazen we've come to expect from director Win. Beaudine—who rarely met his own film to his credit than any other director, living or dead. Leo Garry, Bobby Jordan, Bernard Gurney, etc.

MR. KRANE (54 min; NBC-1957). Very good SF drama, originally produced for TV's "Mystery Theater" but since syndicated as a feature in the "Space Future" (1952) a series from another world, in the case of all earthlings, conflicts masked with a life-or-death ultimatum. Well acted by Sir Cedric Hardwicke, John Hoyt, Peter Hansen. Well recommended. Sales.

MR. PEABODY & THE HERMAID (85 min; Univ-1942). Dry, fairly amusing comedy-fantasy. William Powell encounters mermaid Ann Dwyth while fishing and brings her home to meet him in his pool. Andrea King, Hans Henry.

MR. SARDONICUS (87 min; Col-1961). Ray Russell from his Raydroy story. British doctor is summoned to banish barbaric cattle who forces him to perform a strange operation, in a risible but made water to swallow by spoofing approach of director William Castle. "Gimmicks" is that are his best ending, the last one deliciously shrouded. Gary Rait, Ronald Lewis, Audrey Dalton, Oscar Homolka.

MR. WONG, DETECTIVE (88 min; Mosaic-1932). Routine Monogram no-hum, first in series starring Wong Karloff as pseudo-Chinese criminal detective Mr. Wong. Apparently while he is hopelessly macabre, Wong doesn't even bother with any special accent other than his own fluent British tones. Wong

lives on case of triple murder. Minor plot is thoroughly explicated. Grant Withers, Evelyn Brent.

MR. WONG IN CHINA TOWN (79 min; Mosaic-1932). More overdone detective melodrama. Mr. Wong investigates murder of Professor Lin Hsu, attorney a Wong number. The Wong films are listed purely from devotion to Karloff, though all have this (but not worthy of detail) "Theater" (mostly—rather, split second) Grant Withers, Marjorie Reynolds.

MOBY DICK (116 min; WB-1956). The official "novels" list John Huston as Ray Bradbury's collaborator on script, but Ray's too old to be in his work. But spectacularly produced film directed adaptation, nevertheless, of Melville's allegorical classic. Not as effective as it is, but ambitious, avoiding attempt to film a nearly unfilmable work. Inspiring cast includes Gregory Peck, Leo Genn, Richard Widmark, Nancy Andrews, James Robertson Justice, Orson Welles, Cole.

MOLNAR AGAINST THE SON OF HERCULES (88 min; Embassy-1952). What can be said about either much more than films like the least people in front of it sets and away from theaters for years. Mark Poff, Mollie Oler, Paul Wynter. Cole.

MOLE PEOPLE, THE (78 min; Univ-1956). Grade-B but almost enthralling at odd moments with strong serial adventure atmosphere. Exploded in Hollywood discovery lost under ground civilization complete with monstrous mole-like beast supplying fair share of action. Canny but unintentionally funny plotline by re-tuned on Dr. Frank Baxter, John Agar, Hugh Beaumont, Alan Napier, Cynthia Harrison.

MONOLITH MONSTERS, THE (73 min; Univ-1952). Slightly formula but with an "Inferno" "Pit of Hell" expanding male wife fragments grow into sea-monster in waves of rocks which crash to the ground, spinning up eggs, multiply and cover the coastlines. Cliff Smith's special effects and usual nice Universal B-production crew make this better than their average diversion. Scripted-directed by Jack Arnold. Grant "Shrimmy" Mr. Williams, Lois Ayling, Les Tremayne, Trevor Bardette.

MONSTER & THE GIRL, THE (85 min; Pam-1941). Genuinely with basis of interestingly executed man emerges monster—also easily—by children, etc. Gruesome, slaughter with good cast, some strong explicit scenes of violence for 141. Best Lusk, George Zub, Joseph Callea, Red Cameron, Robert Page, Genevieve Stevens, Ellen Drew.

MONSTER FROM PHOENIX BLANCA, THE (72 min; PG-1968). One of those "so awful that it's good" C-budgeters which layed dormant 2 years before anyone was brave enough to release it in 1961. Lighthouse keeper is ridiculed by all locales after warning them of discovery of Gila-mon type sea monster. He's also ridiculed by audience. Funniest scene: the hero throws a rock from the lighthouse and hits the monster (he's a mile down the beach) right on the head. Vet make-up artist Jack Keven produced and plays the monster, Jerome Cammer, Don Sullivan, Forrest Lewis.



MONSTER DEMOLISHER, THE (74 min; R-1962). Atrocious but typical English dubbing helps spoil already laughable entry. In Cagney Meekins "Nostalgia" series. Nostalgicus and vampire follow-up, undoubted, plot another scheme for world destruction, unintentionally parodying USA 3D's horror films. German Robies, Julio Aleman, Connyrger Selen.

MONSTER FROM GREEN HILL, THE (71 min; GCA-1957). Grade-C "hugie hell" monster stuff. Atom tests loose giant radioactive wasps which make a shambles of Africa, and the film. Luis Eduardo Clavell's loss depressed. Confidentially stings. Jim Oakley, Barbara Turner, Robert C. Griffin.

MONSTER FROM THE OCEAN FLOOR (84 min; Lippert-1954). Also called IT STALKED THE OCEAN FLOOR. Slow, dull grade-B underwater of Mexican fishing village is terrorized by sea monster which doesn't show up till last 5 minutes. One of Roger Corman's first efforts, directed by Wyott Ordung, not even recommended for most fiscalist Commies. Anne Bernhardt, Stuart Wadde, Wyott Ordung.

MONSTER FROM THE SURF (70 min; US-1960). Ranks easily as one of the Worst. Tenth-century answers the burning question, "Whatever happened to Jon Hall?" as monster claws surf bunnies in poor amalgam of A-lips beach-party/monster epic. Hall stars and directed, with Sam Casey, Walter Corman, Arnold Lanning. (Unreleased as BEACH GIGS & THE MONSTER).

MONSTER MAKER, THE (62 min; FHC-1944). Low C-budgeter is overcome by rather strong performances and proceeds in otherwise premodern routine plot of Mad Dr. J. Carroll Nash—he infects painful Ralph Merges with dread horror movie disease, so-nominally, to marry The Girl with no education (the full story—layouts in CoP no.17). Glenn Strange, Tala Baeli, Wanda McKay.

MONSTER OF LONDON CITY, THE (87 min; FRO-1967). Ponderous German

thriller from Bryan Edgar Wallace story. London prostitutes are again targets of wipe-out by Jack the Ripper type. Directed by Edwin Zbonek, but neither as good as his NAAG EXCUTIONERS, or any of Alfred Vachon's Wallace films. Marlene Koch, Hansjörg Felmy, Dietmar Schaubert, Sepp.

MONSTER ON THE CAMPUS (76 min; Univ: 1958). For SF-horror—college grief? Another Franz is transformed into age-man by wound infection from fossilized prehistoric San. Introducing to watch progress of Jack Keven's original makeup for Keriff in A&C MEET JEHYLL & HYDE through several cuts in the 30's. Joanne Moore, Helen Westcott, Will Russell, Troy Donahue.

MONSTER THAT CHALLENGED THE WORLD, THE (83 min; UA-1957). Not as bad as it may sound, incorporating and some neat moments, suggested by an actual occurrence. Fantastic mobile egg witch in Nevada's Salton Sea, releasing lethal, hungry creatures. Good production and Angie Lehmann's spot effects activity add to overall entertainment. Tim Holt, Hans Conrads, Audrey Dalton.

MONSTROSITY (70 min; Everest-1942). Also titled THE ATOMIC BRAIN. Absolutely able grade-C horror. Mad doc goes the brain transplant route and produces zombies. Telecast directed by Joe Massini, author of "The American Cinematographer's Handbook." The B-grade camera quality photography in this one won't help sales much, but Joe Massini's best acting. Marjorie Egan, Erik Peters, Frank Gerette.

MOONFLEET (69 min; MGM-1956). Excellent Fritz Lang westerner with some eerie greywithered scenes. Ten-year-old Jon Whitey follows dinner smuggler Stewart Cooper and both are involved in mail robbery, murder and sword fighting. Not quite up to SCARAMOCHIE, but well handled, captivating, with excellent cast: George Sanders, John Hoyt, Viveca Lindfors, Suzy-Cole.

MOON PILOT (92 min; RV-1962). Also

seen in 2 parts on O'Brien's NBC-TV show following theatrical release. Much of O'Brien's non-actionative "live" action product is all pretty, surface glibness in this one-line plot. Most attractive bits in love with pretty female alien. A few neat spots and comedy. Tom Tryon, Brian Keith, Edmund O'Brien, Gen Sevil, Colton.

MOONSTONE, THE (62 min; Mon-1934). Sheerly budget adaptation of Wilkie Collins' gothic-detective novel. Moonstone was in the horror field early, letting viewers down. David Manners, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Philip Barry.

MORGAN: A SUITABLE CASE FOR TREATMENT (87 min; Cinema V-1966). Justifiably criticized, at times almost interesting black comedy of young Marxist obsessed by gangsters. In the end, he's stripped of his comic veneer and revealed as the sickly he is. Ideas and unimpaired handling often get in the way of the British based production from revealing greater potentiality, i.e. London area character never ever seen or felt, included are clips from MONIE and TARZAN THE APE MAN, Dr. by Hans Ruedi, David Warner, Vanessa Redgrave, Robert Stephens, Irene Hand.

MOST DANGEROUS GAME, THE (68 min; RKO-1932). William K. Evanson called this the best of Richard Cornell's short story the best 68 minutes on the screen. MacCormick Zerkoff hunts and kills humans swallowed (by being purposely misled) on his jungle island. Thrilling, grisly—dynamic camera work. Steiner score and pacing make most other early 30's slow look speeded. Dir. by Ernest B. Schoedsack, Irving Pichel, Joel McCrea, Fay Wray, and Leslie Banks as the unfortunate Count Zerkoff. Also: Noble Johnson, Robert Armstrong.

MOST DANGEROUS MAN ALIVE, THE (62 min; Co-1967). A potentially interesting routine SF-horror quickly degenerates to boring pre-faded action. Webster caught in experimental explosion becomes invulnerable, like Marvel Comics' "Loki" Cop's junk.



THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME: Joe McCrea (2nd from left), Leslie Banks (right).

Director Allen Dwan is a cult figure in France—but not for this one! Ron Randall, Debra Paget, Elaine Stewart.

MOTHRA (101 min; Toho/Col—1962). Identically childish Japanese fantasy-horror actioner (which some have, oddly, found "charming") of giant Moth going out to reclaim 2 spacey-worried U.S. Pacific girls (who sing quite badly) kidnapped by American crooks. Between poor dubbing, pupal macho Tokei and set as leveled again. Horoshi Yokoi, Franky Sakai, Kyoko Kagawa. **C**+

MOUSE THAT ROARED, THE (87 min; Col—1958). Brilliantly conceived laugh-filled satire in the best British manner. Penelope Chubb of Grand Fenwick declares war on USA, intending to lose and gain financial aid, but arrives during an air raid drill and accidentally captures New York. Veteran SF director Jack Arnold's critical favorite (we all know he could do it). Peter Sellers in 3 roles, Jean Seberg, David Kossoff, Leo McKern. **C**+

MOUSE ON THE MOON, THE (84 min; Lo-Bay—1963). Broad, bawdily sequel to left-brain made original above. Grand Fenwick enters the space race with local wife as rocket fuel. Richard Lester's direction almost stands still compared to overabundant style usually associated with his films. Man gets out of space, Benning Collins, Ron Moody, Terry-Thomas. **C**+

MOVIE STAR AMERICAN STYLE OR LSD? HATE YOU (158 min; PFC—1966). You'll also note this unfunny "comedy" of Wood's neurotic involvements in 108 agonizing, plodding, stultifying minutes of emptiness. Included is long "drug fantasy" sequence in "delirious LSD Color" (stills). Easily one of the Top Worst of all time. And, as justice would have it, it was made by Robert Zug-wirth! T.C. Jones, Steve Green, Albert Smithee. **D**

MUMMY, THE (72 min; Univ—1932). One of the immortal classics snuffed by time.

Deliberately, artistically directed in a slow-paced gothic tradition by Karl Freund (his first directorial job), it expertly evokes a sense of gloom, desolation and fear. In one of his best portrayals as the immortal Im-Hotep, Boris Karloff is superb! Brought to life after several thousand years, Karloff returns years later to lead an archeological expedition to the lost tomb of Lost Princess. Excellently dialogued script; fine supporting performances even devolve David Manners' wooden. Edward Van Sloan, Arthur Byron, Zita Johann, Brewster Fletcher, Noble Johnson. **B**

MUMMY, THE (89 min; Univ—1955). Spirited run-through of all the best Mummy sequel clichés (mostly from the Kharis series of the 40s) but invigorated by Hammer manner and neat dialogue. Chris Lee is good but wasted in insensitive monster mummy role. Peter Cushing, Yvonne Furness, Felix Aylmer, Raymond Huntley, George Relick. **C**+

MUMMY'S CURSE, THE (62 min; Univ—1945). Last of the 40s Mummy series. Several horrible touches of Kharis and Ananka unearthed from Louisiana swamp (into which they sunk in THE MUMMY'S GHOST) set dominated by dull plot and direction, and dull Peter Cox. Nice actors, though. Lon Chaney, Virginia Chelima. **D**

MUMMY'S GHOST, THE (81 min; Univ—1944). Good grade B sequel to THE MUMMY'S TOMB. High priest discovers Ananka is reincarnated as modern woman. Not little item with sensuous touches; maybe the best of the Kharis series. John Carradine, Lon Chaney, Ransay Ames, George Zucco. **B**

MUMMY'S HAND, THE (87 min; Univ—1940). Moderately entertaining, well-paced and the first of the Kharis series. For the first time the expedition searching for Ananka's tomb goes there from Kharis, the 3000-year-old mummy. Good fun actioner. Incidentally, old Kharis' flashback sequence, mistakenly thought borrowed from 1932 Karloff version, are original (Tom Tyler is in flashback if you pay attention).

Dick Foran, Wallace Ford, Cecil Kellaway, George Zucco, Eduardo Ciannelli.

MUMMY'S TOMB, THE (61 min; Univ—1942). This sequel to MUMMY'S HAND is capable as a sequel, relocating action in America, but time-worn dramatics and plotless (and defeat it. Mad high priest sends out Kharis to eliminate anybody still left over from the other picture. George Zucco's early writhy bit worth catching, though. Turner Bey, Lon Chaney, Elyse Knox, Dick Foran, Wallace Ford. **C**

MUMMY VS. THE HUMAN ROBOT, THE (89 min; Colleen—1963). Awful Mexican misadventure with a mummy pining off against a robot, with the usual mad doctor attraction. Totally falls in all departments. Osa Rosendo, Luis Casanova, Emma Rodas. **D**

MURDER GO HOME (86 min; Univ—1960). Universal's despicable tv monster family series inspired even poorer feature film. The Murders inherit a haunted house involving orphans, infantile comedies with Terry-Thomas, John Camacho looking understandably ennobled. Overplayed by Fred Goetz, Al Lewis, Yvonne deCarlo. **C**+

MURDER AT THE BASKERVILLES (90 min; Arter—1936). Perhaps the dullest Sherlock Holmes film, released to USA in 1941 (original title, SILVER BLAZE, based on Doyle's story of the same name). An incredibly ancient Holmes is played by Arthur Wontner who looks like 70-11 in Fleming, and Lyn Harding as Moriarty.

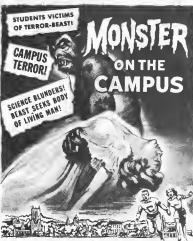
MURDER BY INVITATION (87 min; Meco—1941). More murder-in-the-mansion fun. Bizarre old lady invites relatives to her home to choose an heir—soon, murder is an unpleasant guest, so to speak. Wallace Ford (who star), Martin Marsh, Sarah Padden. **D**

MURDER, HE SAYS (94 min; PFC—1946). Public opinion pollster Fred McDuffy stumbles on family of mad homicidal nihilists as screwball, very funny "tick" com-



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edy, which might be best described as MA & PA KITTLES. GD: BE RSR RM, Murjorie Main, Hester Stewart.

MURDER IN THE RED BARN (82 min; UA-1934). Typical full-blown Tex Slaughter British thriller concerning a mud snake. These enjoyable cowboys films are seldom shown on TV, which is a pity. Eric Portman, Sophie Stewart.

MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE (82 min; UA-1933). Hekked-up version of Poe tale introduces Bela Lugosi as well Dr. Miraclo, experimenting in Paris with transfusing life blood into female victims. Though small in budget, it contains classic shots through Calaisque expressiveistic direction by Robert Florey (an indication of how he would have directed FRANKENSTEIN, to which he was originally assigned). Rich mood enhanced by weird sets, grand photography. Sidney Fox (Arlene Francis), Noble Johnson, Leon Waycott (Leon Ames).

MURDERER'S ROW (109 min; Col-1946). Routine spy thriller has fuzzy but amiable Matt Helm (Dean Jagger) saving world from evil. The Matt Helm Film Club picked THE SILENCERS. It's a wonder there wasn't rioting in front of this one. Ann-Margret, Karl Moller, James Gregory, Cagney.

MURDERS IN THE ZOO! (60 min; Col-1933). Originally released during height of early 30s horror cycle. It received poor distribution and attention and labeled as "poor taste." Censorship also took its toll, including the villain's (Lionel Atwill) death scene, often missing even in today's new TV showings. Insane zoo director sets his facilities and animals to kill off others, getting his just desserts in thrashing twelve horror films. Good script by Philip Wyke and Seton I. Miller. Randolph Scott, Charlie Ruggles, Gail Patrick, John Lodge, Kathleen Burke, Harry Benford. **Requiemed.**

MUTINY IN OUTER SPACE (99 min; Warner-1955). Unconvincing looking "freaking fungus" from Lunar ice caves of the future overcast Space Station X in modern-day pool, mummy fuzzy juvenile space opera. William Louis, Pamela Cullen, Rich-ard Garland, Gloria Faith.

MYSTERIOUS MAGICAL, THE (99 min; R&B-1965). Yet another wave of madmen sweeps London in moderately ludicrous German Edgar Wallace thriller, with any fantasy elements left to barest minimum. Disappointing. Joachim Fuchberger, Heinz Drechsle, Sophie Hardy, Karl John.

MYSTERIOUS MR. WONG, THE (60 min; M&M-1944). Typical Monogram penny-pinching O-budget delists potentially good serie Chinatown-long war chiller. Bela Lugosi mounds right and left to possess the Gates of Confucius. With Wallace Ford (at court), Arlene Judge, Fred Warren.

MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD, THE (97 min; UA-1935). Charles Dickens unfinished work about opium-friend chairman (well played by Claude Rains) who murders his nephew over a girl, finished by Universal. Fine production, interesting story, which flags occasionally. Good enough. Heather Angel, Valerie Hobson, Douglas Mont-gomery.

MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET, THE (60 min; UA-1942). In Poe's a medical comedy star is found frozen—in the Seine River, that is, and Petric Knowles and Lloyd Corrigan make a perfect Pierre Dupin and Inspector Gobel in fine B-budget adaptation of Poe's sequel to

MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE. Maria Monty, Marie Dampney, John Lili.

MYSTERY OF MR. WONG, The (67 min; M&M-1935). Mr. Wong brings a rare Oriental gem from China all the way to the House of Halls. Traces of humor in

Boris Karloff's portrayal aren't enough to save this tight programmer. **Gram Witless, Dorothy Tree.**

MYSTERY OF THE BLACK JUNGLE. See BLACK DEVILS OF KALI.

AGENDA

MOON ZERO TWO (109 min; Hammer-1969). Even under Ray Ward Baker's expertise, only a little off but space—it's happenin' before from ROCKY HORROR X-M, STAR TREK, etc. First man on Mars sets up salvage business with a partner, intrigue and murder result as he risks a girl find her missing brother and threats embarking of madmen seeking control of space. James Olson, Catherine Van Schel, Warren Mitchell, Adrienne Cori. **Color.**

MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE (81 min; AMP-1971). Paperback back Henry Great, with Christopher Wicking, slugged together pseudoreality updated with fresh equally resembling Poe' and director Florey's '32 classic. Nightmares, scenes, shabby murder mixed in with bits and pieces of PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, bits of Poe and director Gordon Heger's uneven, uninspired pulpy technique. Lots of incidents and a good cast really wasted. Jason Roberts, Herbert Ross, Lili Palmer, Christine Kaufmann. **Color.**

MINO OF MR. SOAMES, The (95 min; Col-1970). Veteran author Charles Eric Mink supplied creditable original novel as a screen adaptation comes through sparkling. Emerging from a fitful state of suspended animation, a grown man with the mind of a child struggles to adapt himself to the adult jungle. Terence Stamp, Robert Vaughn, Nigel Davenport, Tim Allen Cooke. **Color.**

MONSTER ZERO (92 min; Maroon-1978). Fascinatingly abominable Japanese bomb. Astronauts send for two earth monsters to destroy another monster threatening Planet X. Shortly after appearing in this mess, Nick Adams committed suicide.

MOO ROOM, THE (99 min; Col-1969). Suspenseful, at times slow shocker of two young people in the custody of older sister after years intermined in an asylum following their horrible childhood "accident." A few tiring mood amid ample sick-in moments, adequately directed by Bernard Girard. Shelley Long, Soledad Jovenet, Beverly Garland, Skip Ward, Carol Cole. **Color.**

MIDNIGHT COWBOY (118 min; UA-1969). Jack Vogel as country bumpkin goes to New York dreaming he can make his fortune as a job for rich older women. Disillusioned and penniless, he befriends homeless pathetic and sickly tramp Dustin Hoffman. Too late, they discover they're in for an oration. Powerful by imaginative, profoundly sensitive slice-of-life insight. Tremendously moving, creative filmmaking at its rarest, greatest point of achievement. Dir. John Schlesinger. John Glover, Sylvia Miles, Brenda Vaccaro. **Color.**

MANTIS IN LAKE (98 min; B&W-1959). Toppers dancer kills and chops to pieces a hippie who introduced her to LSD, still on road, she sets out to stay others' mind of the story. Actor to become and take her back. Susan Stewart, Vic Lance, Pat Barnington. Dir. William Rottler. **Color.**

MISSION STARGUOT (95 min; Time-95). Typically ebullient debbing ruses Italian made pseudoreality. Moon space mission is brought to Earth using her powers to destroy an African island and save her comrade who suffers from leukemia. Easy Person, Long Jeffries, Pinkas Braun, Dino Primo Ziegler. **Color.**

MISSION MARS (91 min; AA-1964). Astronauts have success on adventures in space. Trapped on Mars with a Russian astronaut, they cooperate in friendship to blast out and return to Earth. Dir. Nick Webster. Nick Adams, Darren McGavin, George De-Vis. **Color.**

MATCHLESS (104 min; UA-1967). A newsy paperman adopts extraordinary powers from a "magic" ring given to him by an old oriental, endowing him with invisible powers

MOON ZERO TWO



for short periods of time. Dracula and Americans chase him to learn the secret. Tired, he has plots for a great audience. Dir: Alberto Luchini. Patrick O'Neal, Donald Pleasance, Henry Silva. Color.

MAN WITH THE BALLOONS, The (85 min; 1958) **BB-1958**. Burt Reynolds' abilities attained in dramatic Italian made him about a big-screen companion with blowing up balloons which leads to romance of his romance and his with friends and, finally his suicide. Dir: Marco Ferreri. Marcello Mastroianni, Catherine Spaak. Part Color.

MONKEYS GO HOME (101 min; BV-1987). Capable dir. Andrew McLaglen's abilities waited in Disney Studio strip of attractions who fall upon French village by Maurice Chevalier and are tried to pick Olivia. Limited local men present, and so does the audience. Dan Jones, Yvette Mimieux, Julie Marlowe. Color.

MURDER'S SHROUD, The (93 min; Hammer-1987). Field, formula-bound but serious about Universal 400. Hammer quality drop-off period. Expedition to earth's surface's ruins, complete with cars, horses, and more. Mystery, etc. Local good Hammer atmosphere. Michael Ripper stars alone as the heavy bumbling about. Dir: John Gilling. Andre Morell, Elizabeth Sellars, John Phillips, David Buck. Color.

MURDER'S SHROUD (115 min; UA-1987). The credits of Chatterton perform before the public to a re-enactment of French Revolt. Murders' inscription (while saving his battle) by Charlotte Corday. In this way, they attack the audience. Fine screen adaptation from successful world-wide tour (by Royal Shakespeare Co.) (over its wedding tableau effect on usual TV screens. Dir: Peter Kosminsky. Patrick Magee, Glenda Jackson, Ian Richardson. Color.

MYSTERY OF THUG ISLAND (the min; Col-1987). Predictable but readable tale of a young girl of British origin who is taken to a Thuggee tribe in India who is ready to be some high priestess of K.M. 15 years later her father arrives attempting to exterminate the bloody sect, unaware of his daughter's presence. Dir: Luigi Caporale. Guy Middleton, Peter Van Dyck, Inge Schuster. Color.

MAGAME WHITE SNAKE (105 min; Fawcett Lee [China]-1988). Charming fantasy of a snake spirit back on earth as a handsome, lovely woman trying to assist himself in a human romance. Lin Dai, Chao Lai, Margaret Tu. Color.

HERNANDO, THE (85 min; [China]-1987). Delicate, colorful fantasy about a high-born young man, engaged to marry as an aristocrat's daughter before he's even born, but becomes entangled with a beautiful warrior spirit instead. Dir: Rao Li. Ivy Ling Po.

MY BLOOD RUNS COLD (103 min; WB-1988). But your blood won't. True Dracula, yes, the connecting Jack Heatherton not that we can't act but that they're recollections of lovers who died 200 years ago. Unfinished plot, etc. has typical made-for-TV look. Though some fair belting stuff at climax. Barry Sullivan, Jeanette Nolan.

MY BROTHER TALKS TO HORSES (84 min; MGM-1987). Only fair fantasy-comedy from Morton Thompson story of small boy in town-of-the-courtesy Maryland who can communicate with horses. Good Fred Zimmerman direction, and all actors try hard, but result is simply ordinary. Peter Lawford, Burt Reynolds, Edward Arnold, Orestes Ruggles.

MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE (87 min; Par-1987). Better than average Bob Hope comedy-thriller benefits from presence of Peter Lorne in knife-fighting spy and Lee Chaney as his GF MICE & MEN. Lorne as a dumb assassin who cracks because she's with his eyes. Fast and funny. Don't forget Lorne.

MY NAME IS JULIA ROSS (88 min; Col-1988). Nearly obscure, but suspenseful and exciting grade-B mystery. Maria's insane plot to save his life turns dirty dream of love into a nightmare. Excellent performance by George Macready. Daria May Whitely. Rite Post.

MY SON THE VAMPIRE (72 min; BG-1987). Cheesed career of OLD MOTHER MILKY MEETS THE VAMPIRE. Berlin and nature of picture itself. Direction (John Gilling) and production of higher standard than usual for the series, but some of the Arthur Rank and Kitty McShane are far

from subtle (or even particularly funny), and picture is uneven. But Lorne is, however, seen to better advantage than in any other film of the 50's as vampire plotting to rule the world until opposed by nasty Mother Riley. A cutie, at least.

MYSTERY, THE (85 min; Telenova-1988). May above average spci fix in shallow Japanese space opera of invading from planet Mystical coming to marry Earthlings to perpetuate their dying race. Well, would you want your sister to marry one? You bet not. So, the space-men are dismissed in trivial confusion. Spectacular production suffers badly on TV, leaving only thin storyline to carry it. Poorly dubbed. Wang Sawa, Yumi Yamashita. Scope-Color.

MYSTIC DOCTOR, The (87 min; WE-1987). Medical on wartime program—village is terrified by knife-wielding headless ghost who turns out to be dead to be a Nazi spy. We don't need this. Joan Lunden, Eleanor Parker, Lester Matthews.

MYSTERIOUS ISLAND (101 min; Col-1981). One odd Harryhausen anime film (lost). Remarkable SuperDynamization device effects by Ray Harryhausen add lots of life to Technicolor adaptation of Verne novel to 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA, complete with Captain Nemo (Robert Low). Civil War prisoners escape in giant observation balloon, while to rest on lonely Pacific Island, 1868. It's not Verne, but it's fun. Directed by Cy Endfield, whose little-seen TV AND GET ME (The Sound of Fury, 1971) never achieved the recognition it deserved. Michael Caine, Jean Greenwald, Michael Caine, Beth Reagon, Gary Murrill. Color.

Less than a year or two of theatrical release, all sorts of Fantasy and non-genre films are starting to appear on TV, such as BLOOD ON SATAN'S CLAWS and BEAST IN THE CELLAR (not to mention Low Story and Parton). Thus, it won't be easy maintaining separate listings for current fare apart from those sold to TV. —Mazettea, the "TV" are now in preparation, with hopes of wrapping up the Col film Chucky within a year, not that this will mean termination of Project Chucky in view of many side-projects, etc., keeping our Projects in perpetual motion.

—The Editor—



Following is probably the longest column ever put together in an attempt to cover SFantasy Film activity and news of strong marginal interest. In that up to 33% of international film production today is involved with our genre, it will be somewhat of a formidable job keeping up with most of it, and future columns may also reach this one's length, if not longer. Foremost, though, we're concerned with your reaction and if you really care to see so much space devoted to this department. Please let us know, as well as your feelings about the rest of CoF. —CTB—

SFantasy FILM NEWS —(part one) by Philip Moshcovitz

THE EXORCIST may be the biggest occult film hit ever made. Based on William Blatty's novel, it tells of the strange events surrounding a young girl possessed by the devil. Linda Blair, a 12 year-old Connecticut junior high school student, is in the lead. Lee J. Cobb heads the cast, portraying a Jewish detective; co-starred are Max Von Sydow, Ellen Burstyn and Lee Remick. Blatty also produced the film to guarantee against any plot tampering by Warners. Representing three months shooting and a

\$4 million investment, Blatty reveals!

"EXORCIST goes back to a true case of demon possession that I heard about when I was a junior at George Washington University. This was in a sophisticated city with psychiatric experts in attendance. My primary purpose is to persuade those who do not believe that there is a case for the supernatural and to offer the possibility that there is a force of evil at work in the universe whose game plan is to convince us he does not exist!"

William Friedkin, director of THE FRENCH CONNECTION, will also put the actors through their paces. Rev. Wm. O'Malley, a Rochester, NY high school teacher, plays the role of Father Dyer. Friedkin recently conferred with Movie Code authorities to determine how explicitness involving a young girl masturbating with a crucifix could get by without an X rating.

Fox swings back to the bank each day with receipts from their APES series, with BATTLE OF THE PLANET OF THE APES being reissued.

Michael Gruskoff and Doug Trumbull, the SILENT RUNNING team, are preparing PYRAMID, a sci-fi thriller scripted by David Goodman.

"Blacula" was bound to foster other Afro mentals, so it's no surprise that BLACKENSTEIN will be AIP's attraction around Xmas. The "Werewolf" and the "Mummy" could follow next. Goes this mean former vintage favorite may reappear is THE BLACK CREATURE FROM THE WHITE LAAGOON? It's hard to imagine the results when Hollywood discovers the Indians and Chinese throw about. "If You Know Sissy, Get?" — or "Shy Amy?" — or "Woman Killer" or even "Grecia," no relation to "Fee Soe Ling" of course!

Ray Harryhausen brings back Seraph for Columbia with Charles Schneer's SINBAD'S GOLDEN VOYAGE. John Philip Law ("Barbarosa's" angel) stars with Caroline Munro and Tom Baker, direction by Gordon Heasley.

America is following up its "Tales From the Crypt" box-office success with VAULT OF HORROR, also based on old EC comic. And this company's 12th horror film will be SPIES OF FENRIRIFFEN (didn't even occur that he even was a bachelor), starring: Herbert Lorn and Peter Cushing.

Having several relations with AIP, co-founder Jim Nicholson recent formed Academy Pictures Corp., after helming more than 150 films for his old outfit. LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE is one of the first of his new projects, released by Fox. Based on Richard Matheson's book, "Hell House," it's about a man who will die in thirty days and wants to find if there's a Hereafter. He offers \$250,000 for proof and moves into a house dominated by unknown forces. Nicholson also plans THE THOUSAND YEAR MAN out in the future where a man's organs are indefinitely replaced via transplanted eyes, hearts, kidneys, etc.

Speaking of plants: GARDEN OF THE DEAD is a little rowdy one may want to have. A chain gang of slain and its men arise from the ground to attack the warden and guards.

Wormers will put THE TERMINAL MAN on screen, written and directed by Michael

(Andromeda Strain) Crickton.

With Apes films and Omega Man behind, Charlton Heston stays in the future in SOYLENT GREEN (MGM) based on novel of writer Harry Harrison's novel.

Up-and-coming:

FRANKENSTEIN & THE MONSTER FROM HELL... BLOOD-MONSTER with Ron Haydock, former editor of "Fantastic Magazine of the Film"... THE SPECTRE OF EOGAN ALLAN POE with Robert Walker, Edmund O'Brien, Cesar Romero.

20th-Fox's CONQUEST OF THE DEEPS will be in theatres around May. Jack DeWitt's script tells of an attempted rescue of a faltering sea lab and its crew by underwater submarines.

Vincent Price plays in THEATER OF BLOOD the part of a stage actor who takes his own suicide and starts killing off the critics who panned him. Co-starring: Gena Rogg, Jack Hawkins, Ganna Price, Robert Morley, Ian Henry and Ganna Dors.

Gena Dors, Robert Morley, Ian Henry and Ganna Dors.

VOODOO QUEEN (reincarnation of a black girl)... HANNAH, QUEEN OF THE VAMPIRES with Mark Damon... VAMPIRE 2000 (Italy)... THE DISAPPEARANCE from the Philip Wyke book, formerly slated for George Pal's wizardry... MANSION OF EVIL, described as a cop-and-robbers Rosemary's Baby... Leonard Barr stars after he stars in Garmonds Are Forever and plays Dean Martin's uncle... Roger Moore of the famous Saint re-appears as a new James Bond in LIVE AND LET DIE... HOUSE OF ORACULUS DAUGHTER with Lorraine Day... CARNIVAL WOMEN (7 black girls with weird sexing habits)... Fox's 4-fer, TERMINAL ORDER, a near completion.

Robert Mulligan will produce LIZZIE BORDEN based on the 19th century bestseller girl who had an axe to grind (the court later freed her, according to historical records, for lack of "evidence," but for more innocent of the bloodline has its way).

Adorable Gena Dors is a witch in THE AMAZING MR. BLUNDER... Paramount is working on PHASE IV, about man's confrontation with alien life-forms... Ringo Starr shines as Count Dracula in an up-coming horror-comedy with Frankenstein and King Kong... THE BALLAD OF GEORGE AND HARRY BAKER deals with a dwarf and a hunchback who operate a torture chamber in the basement of their bookstore (nothing to do with The Mummy Shop).

Just as Peter Sellers is completing ALICE IN WONDERLAND, another version is on the horizon: pop artist Peter Max will animate COSMIC ADVENTURES OF ALICE IN WONDERLAND, with Kurt "Slaughterhouse 5" Vonnegut probably scripting. Al Broder, producer of Yellow Submarine, is producing. Lewis Carroll's psychotic whimsy is among the few literary classics with true mind boggling potentialities.

GULLIVAR'S TRAVELS being re-made combining live and animated action... Walt Disney's ROBIN HODG features the voices of Peter Onuf, Terry Thomas, Phil Harris, Andy Givens, Pat Buttrick, Roger Miller, etc. Disney's most expensive film (\$80 million) will be ISLAND AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD. Based on Ian Cameron's "The Last Ones," it concerns an Englishman's search



for his missing son in the Arctic. He discovers his boy but isn't glad when he uncovers a mysterious Viking-like race. . .THE MYSTERY IN DRACULA'S CASTLE can be seen as a two-parter on Disney's tv series.

Three youngsters make amateur heroic movies about Cleopatra and get involved with a bunch of gangsters.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ATHLETE, starring Tim Conway (of McHale's Navy and his own "Show" fame), Nancy Walker and Bill DeWitt. . . CHARLIE AND THE ANGEL has Fred MacMurray, Cloris Leachman (Oscar Winner for Best Supporting Actress for "Last Picture Show") and Harry Morgan.

On "Dark Shadows" Curtis is filming a sequel to NIGHT STALKER for ABC TV's Movie of the Week called TIME KILLER with Darren McGavin. Strange rumors indicate Curtis' next one will deal with a vampire vampire entitled THE CELERY STALKER [we hope it's only a rumor—CTB].

Rod Serling Dept.:

With NIGHT GALLERY'S return in a descriptive half-hour format, Serling reacted several different ways. I'm more resigned than angry about the change. They are turning it into a supernatural suspense thing with action. You don't walk past a graveyard. You are chased. Unfortunately, it

will be called "Rod Serling's Night Gallery." But it is not remotely Rod Serling. I don't help create the show as I did in the past. I'm the announcer, TWILIGHT ZONE was never physically violent. Maybe it was a little scary, but I never heard from any PTA group that we lent sizable or meaningful damage to any young people who watched that show.

"I don't have any hangups about the supernatural, I suppose I believe in ghosts, yes. But it isn't preoccupation of any importance. I think ESP is pretty well a scientific fact. And as to the possibility of ghosts, I expect there probably are some, and maybe extraterrestrial creatures too. I think there's a body of scientific literature that, in a sense, proves this, but I'm not the kind of guy who whistles past a graveyard. If indeed I ever were visited by a ghost, I think it would be coronary time. Fortunately, I've never had that kind of experience."

FILM FESTS

Several fantasy film festivals are worth noting. At the 10th Trieste International Festival in Italy, SILENT RUNNING and BEWARE THE BLOIS were awarded "Asteroide." Hauer was also paid to the Czech flick THE GIRL ON THE BROOM, parodying witchcraft and full of apocal. On THE EDGE OF THE VOID (France) and

The above scene from the German made DEVIL'S NIGHTMARE was screened among several other sequences.

CLOSE TO THE TOP (Russia) won Silver Asteroids. The Mitter tells of a child who traces the history of man from the Stone Age onwards (speed freaks needn't be concerned, it's not about them). A "Satan Retrospective" included THE DEVIL'S 400 GAGS (George Melies), EVENING VISITORS (1949), 7 FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN (1929), and THE DEAD OF NIGHT, THE DEVIL'S HAND, BEAUTY & THE DEVIL, BROTHERHOOD OF SATAN, NECROMANCY and IN THE DEVIL'S SERVICE.

Also screened: MISSION SILVER MONKEY (Hungary), THE TRANSPLANT (Poland), VOYAGE 345 (Yugoslavia), THE VAMPIRE THAT COMES FROM SPACE (Japan), DOOMWATCH (England).

HISTORY OF SCIENCE FICTION, sponsored by the University of Kansas, was also unreel'd.

Meanwhile, in Madrid, the Fifth Sigas International Fantastic and Terror Festival screened, among many other films: THIS NIGHT I'LL DIG UP YOUR BODY (Spain), WITCHES' MOUNTAIN (Spain), VAMPIRE

SFantasy FILM NEWS (part 2)

by Calvin T. Beck

Not intending to steal any of Gilbert and Sullivan's thunder, the Boston Band is in the throes of writing The Great American Novel. (As soon as the news was revealed, throngs of autograph seekers started filing outside his penthouse suite in the John Hancock Bldg.) So, for the moment, it's our ball game. Would like to mention, by the way, that film titles have a habit of being changed sometimes; so don't blame us if any inaccuracies show up—probably they won't, though who knows? —CTS.

Bilioneire comic Bob Hope's son, Tony Hope, has teamed up with Barney Rosenzweig (producer of the tv series, "Daniel Boone") to film WHO FEARS THE DEVIL (about a wandering minstrel who wants to defeat Satan), starring Denver Pyle, Susan Strasberg, and nifty folk man Hedge Capers for the lead.

Purporting to tell all you ever wanted to know about Stanley Kubrick, British film

Roman Polanski... VAMPIRE 2000 (Italy) prod. & dir. by Riccardo Cione... Hammer started production on his 7th Frankenstein, FRANKENSTEIN & THE MONSTER FROM HELL, directed by Terence Fisher from a John Elder script, and marks Peter Cushing's welcome return to the series.

Popular French actor Jean-Louis Trintignant turns director with A WELL FILLED DAY, a black comedy actioner of a man who holds a group of people responsible for his son's death, and kills off 9 of them in a day!

Ross Hunter's musical version of LOST HORIZON stars Peter Finch in the original Colman role, with George Kennedy, Sally Kellerman, John Gielgud and Charles Grover as the enigmatic high lama.

Ron Miller producing and James Carroll directing NIGHTMARE RALLY... Peter "Joe" Boyle and Sally Kellerman together in SULTHER... Robert Aldrich the inimitable director of "West Side Story," "The Executioner," "The Day the Earth Stood Still" (the list is overpowering) directs EMPEROR OF THE NORTH POLE with Lee Marvin and Ernie Borgnine.

DR. DEATH: SEEKER OF SOULS with Barry Corbin... MANSION OF EVIL's director is the one and only James Mayberry (you may recall the name from the Andy Griffin Show)... Susan Strasberg, Sydney Chaplin and Fathia Demeque are in SO EVIL MY SISTER... BLOOD SONG (MGM) with Pat Hingle... THE CREEPING FLESH will be distributed by Columbia, which has had a reputation for trying to avoid "identification with SFantasy-horror" a number of years. Welcome back aboard, geng.

Sooner-or-later-it-was-inevitable dept.: THE NIECE OF DR. JEKYLL, from Italy... Vietnam chills and thrills master, Wm. Castle, producing THE OSTERMAN WEEKEND for Warner's.

CBS-TV scheduling: GARGOYLES (goyle is strictly from Brooklyn), SUFFER A WITCH, and THE FABULOUS DR. PABLO... Filmakers Ltd. stars John Cardine in MOON CHILD... George Pal now owns filmaking rights to the Doc Savage pulp series. Pal's first Doc feature is DOC SAVAGE: ARCHENEMY OF EVIL...

James Nicholson's special 6-films deal with 20th-Fox may be thought of as a special 6-pack carrying lots of bier.

And there are more: NIGHT OF THE BLOODY APES... LEPUS (formerly Rabble), and THE VIRGIN WITCH... An American Abominable Snowman is the subject of BIG FOOT starring John Cardine... From the Philippines: DEATH HEAD VIRGIN, marking the return of those screen idols, Larry Ward, Dan McNeil and Jack Geymour... Victor Bruno rejoins the genre with John Ireland in THE MAD BUTCHER (caught once too often topping the scales?).

Raul Nasciety is the Spanish Chris Lee and stars in DR. JEKYLL & THE WEREWOLF and does both the good Dr. and lycanthrope roles. It's directed by Leon Klimowicz who's also started filming: I, THE VAMPIRE—with Chris Lee, of course.

Humorous is the subject of THE TIN MEN, scripted by Kurt "Glaughauser" Vornegut from Michael Frayn's novel... Veteran actors and older beauties don't die; they go to AIP, and Ava Gardner stars in THE DEVIL'S WIDOW... Criton Kane's and Bewitched's own Agnes Moorhead

THE DEAD ARE ALIVE!

DOLL (Japan), GDDZILLA VS. GIAGAN (Japan), and THE BDDY BURNER (Czech).

REVIEW

FAVORITE FANTASY FILMS (FI) = *

Teaching studies a checklist of fantasy films which have received Academy Awards, behind the scenes with FORBIDDEN PLANET, ROSS OF MAX and ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARSE, a Mike Wallace interview with Mike Ripon of Cinema Distributors of America, coverage of Six of the Seven Science Fiction Film Festival and an editorial on Inland Film advertising. And of all is the quality reissues on DVD—over 22 of them, including several titles which have never been published elsewhere. Send \$1.50 to Philip S. Markowitz, 45 Sullivan Road, Chester Hill, Massachusetts 02027. It is relative your copy.

—Ed. Markowitz

critic Alex Walker wrote a book titled: "Stanley Kubrick Directs" (pub. Harcourt, Brace & Jovanovich), mildly criticized by Variety for tending to glamorize and idolize the noted director, it's still highly stimulating and informative reading.

Also on the book front: An extremely fine, new book about Edgar Allan Poe is out: this is good news in the light that very little cerebral hard-core material has appeared in several ages about the Master of Horror. Titled simply "Poe," it's by Daniel Hoffman and published by Doubleday. Recommended.

Les Baxter, who's created five scores for many SFantasy flicks, (i.e., The Dwyrach Horror by AIP) scored SANDY BLOOD for AIP, starring Joseph Cotten, Eike Simeier.

All up-coming-or-nearly-there:

Pier Paolo Pasolini's A THOUSAND & ONE NIGHTS... Warner-Columbia's tentatively titled (i) DRACULA CHASES THE MINI GIRLS... INCUBUS with Susan Seest... WHAT?, prod. by Carlo Ponti, directed by



shares the spotlight with Dennis (Kind Hearts And Coronets) Price in *DEAR, DEAR OCELILAH*.

Thinking of Kene: Orson Welles enthralled everyone as mesmerist-magician Count Cagliostro in 1943's *BLACK MAGIC*, co-starring his long-time friend, the late Akim Tamiroff. Now Welles returns to the genre as a man of mystery able to bring the dead back to life in *Cinema's NECROMANCY*. . . . The *BLACK MAGIC* title being used again by Clover Films, starring Edmund (OOA, Fantastic Voyage) O'Brien as a fanatical evangelist type brought back to life by his daughter—he talks at the drop of a head when daughter commands.

Pope's *NEST OF Vipers* stars John Marley, notable as a Hollywood tycoon who finds his price station's despoiled head in bed one morning in *The Godfather*. . . . Peter (Taste The Blood of Devils) Sady directed *ODDMATCH*, one of George Sanders's last films, co-starring Judy Geeson.

Recently Houston and Dallas have been

hotbeds of filmmaking activity, big Texan money hopes to make these areas up if not eventually surpass H'wood. *Cinema Two* Productions scheduled *THE SILENT SHRIEK* using Dallas's locale.

Oliver (Curse of the Werewolf) Reed not only stars in *BYRON'S EVIL*, in the title role but also plays the Frankenstein Monster. It's loosely based on events surrounding Mary Shelley's circle of friends, which included her husband, Percy Bysshe Shelley, John Keats and Lord Byron who, allegedly, researched the ideas for "Frankenstein," culminating from experiences and inspiration while residing in Switzerland and Germany.

World War III is evoked by Intelligent delusions, directed by Mike Nicholas, released by Avco-Embrey. . . . Rats, frogs and other creatures have abounded; and now, *STANLEY* (not Steven), a special screen snake slithering sneakily, searing soon.

Akim Tamiroff, who passed away, aged 72 (Sept. 18th, 1972) was one of the very

if not a scene from *CHARLIE CHAN MEETS A NEWARK GORILLA*, but CoF's special *Paula Patte-Blanche* (Diva with the title and we win the special prize). It's a real Mystery pic, as sweet of it—no one so far knows its origin, except that Columbia Pictures made it around the mid-Thirties and it was probably a short subject.

great character actors. Though he scored in many lavish productions (For Whom The Bell Tolls, winning him an Oscar nomination). His presence saved many 30's and 40's programmers from total obscurity. He was a good friend, as already noted above, of Orson Welles and appeared in his productions of *MR. ARKADIN*, *THE TRIAL*, and as Sanchez Pance in Welles' unfinished *DON QUIXOTE*. Always employed since his film debut in 1934, Tamiroff appeared in a number of Spentay and marginal interest films:

THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN (It was nominated for an Oscar), *THE GREAT*

GAMBINI, THE BLACK FOREST, THE CORSICAN BROTHERS, THE BLACK SLEEP, THE LIQUIDATOR, ALPHAVILLE, THE VULTURE, etc.—Established as a leading actor in Russia, he defected in 1932 while his Russian dramatic troupe was touring the USA.

... AND YET MORE NEWS!

AIP's sequel, **RETURN TO WUTHERING HEIGHTS**, is from the twice-filmed 2nd half of Brontë's classic. According to AIP: "It shows Heathcliff, still haunted by the dead Cathy, enforcing the marriage of his son to Cathy's daughter."

Adapted for the screen at long last is Robin Cook's fine black-comedy novel, **PUBLIC PARTS AND PRIVATE PLACES**.

Nathaniel Hawthorne's New England based gothic classic, **HOUSE OF THE 7 GABLES**, was last made 32 years ago and

Spirit of Death that enters those about to die). Aided by a special beam from a booster light used for photography, Stephens captures an Asphyx—he feels immortality has been discovered. (Recently completed in England, its American distributor is yet unknown.)

Jon Finch, who proved excellent as the frenzied hero in Hitch's **FRENZY**, seems a perfect youthful combination of veteran heaves James Mason and Robert Douglas in looks and ability. He's already recited up a number of other roles in the genre: *The Vampire Loves*, *The Horror Of Frankenstein*, and in Roman Polanski's *Macbeth*.

The great and inevitable Peter Sellers (after finishing his part as the March Hare in *Alice In Wonderland*) plays both Adolf Hitler and his son in **THE PHANTOM VS. THE FOURTH REICH**.

From Britain, starring Spike Milligan and Milo O'Shea, **DIGBY** is about a friendly sleeping dog that attains 30 feet in height after

was "The Sea".

THE DAY THE BODIES MELTED scheduled by the King ("Giant Belemoth") Brothers, concerns cryonics—mortality as people put into deep-freeze until scientific advancements of the future can restore them to life and health.

Besides **GRAVE OF THE VAMPIRE** (see special spread elsewhere this issue), Clover Film's scheduling: **GARDEN OF THE DEAD** with Phil Hoover and John Dennis, **NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO DIE**, with Edmund O'Brien; **TARANULA**.

Not much yet known about **CHILD'S PLAY**, except it's about a mysterious plague of violence that erupts at a boys' school, starring James Mason, Robert Preston and Beau Bridges, directed by Sidney Lumet and produced by Elway theater giant David Merrick.

THE HORRORS OF HAMMER

For more than 20 months Hammer's



sterned George Sanders as the heavy and Stewart Price as a hero for a change.

After ending work in **CREeping FLESH** in Spain, co-starring with Chris Lee, Peter Cushing said about the film: "I'm a professor who brings back a skeleton from New Guinea which turns out to be the remains of Shih Kung, the legendary Evil One who is destined to be resurrected. I discover a method of inducing 'recomposition' of flesh tissues on the skeleton." One horrific episode finds Cushing incinerating his daughter and, in error, she turns overnight from a prim Victorian into a swerving murderess.

Robert Stephens and Robert Powell are in **ASPHYX**, directed by Peter Newbrook. A photographer's macabre hobby of photographing people right after death leads him to discover immortality in the 1870's. On one photo he directs a weird "blur"; the Asphyx of the dying man (his title refers to the

quaffing an experimental chemical created by his owner, a scientist).

Crown International's releasing a 3-in-one program to theatres consisting of **POINT OF TERROR: BLOOD MANIA**, and **BLOOD OF DRACULA'S CASTLE**.

Jumping high on the Blood bandwagon are a group of Fantasies released by veteran horror-fantasy fan and film buff, Sam Shamam, president of Independent International which is releasing **FRANKENSTEIN'S BLOODY TERROR**, **HORROR OF THE BLOOD MONSTERS**, **HELL'S BLOODY DEVILS**, as well as **FRANKENSTEIN VS. DRACULA** and **SATAN'S BADISTS**.

"Billard," "Ben," "Tales From the Crypt," etc., getting more company by its distributors, Cinema, with **CHOSEN SURVIVORS**, written and produced by Howard Kretsch and shot in Mexico (original title

ABOVE: Checking in for doom schedule at one of the most fashionable Death Takes a Holiday films is this scene from **IL MOSTRO DI VENEZIA**, directed by Dino Zuccato.

multiboomed in its production schedule is never before. Apart from films already listed, following are just some Hammer's in the process of completion or being released:

FEAR IN THE NIGHT stars Judy Geeson, Ralph Bates, Peter Cushing. Jimmy Sangster directs.

STRAIGHT ON TILL MORNING stars Rita Tushingham and Shane Brant, with Peter Collinson directing (both films to be released together as part of Hammer's new double-feature plan).

CAPTAIN KRONUS (also listed as **KRONOS**).

THE GOLDFISH BOWL—written,



ABOVE: Living on his imagination, Roddenberry (as THE VAMPIRE OF THE OPERA, made in Italy in 1961. No truth to the rumor, though, that it'd be released retitled as THE BLOODFATHER.

produced and directed by Jimmy Sangster. VICTIM OF HIS IMAGINATION—produced by Howard Breedy, who made *Blood From The Mummy's Tomb*. It's based on the life of Bram Stoker, author of "Dracula."

Musical versions of various SF pasties, including some that never got off the ground, have been *Frankenstein*, *Dracula*, a TV version of "A Christmas Carol" with Basil Rathbone (and the recent film musical) and *King Kong*. Set, this March, prepare yourselves for *DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE*, starring Michael Redgrave and Kirk Douglas. Behind the lyrics and music is *QUIVER'S* composer.

STAR TREK LIVES (?)

Star Trek may be as popular, if not more so than ever. But Gene Roddenberry says that NBC-TV, though professing re-

newed interest in the series, revived, never has such a hard time at the conference table that Gene says, "No soap." Main problem is that NBC said it would only "consider" revival if Roddenberry created a new "pilot" for their approval. Incensed beyond belief, Roddenberry said: "I figure there are 78 examples of my show in syndication and abroad."

Meanwhile, Roddenberry returns to TV with an SF film series pilot for CBS called *GENESIS*—it deals with a future of around 100 years ahead, "After the great conflict," said Gene enthusiastically.

NIMROY DEPT.:

Leonard Nimroy was the center of attraction at one of Universal's big publicity party parties. Though talk got around about revival of *STAR TREK*, asked if he'd like doing Spock again, Larry's terse answer was: "No way." (Coif's shortest interview ever.) But he said he loves directing and intends it so be a new dimension in his career. His first effort: *DEATH ON A BARGE*, a love story set in vampire country, for tv.

While he's had a gas-full of series, he favors an occasional tv guest spot (a *Columbo* segment), and recently finished doing a *World Premiere Movie*, "Three Faces of Love," playing in one of three episodes opposite Juliet Mills.



Letters



One of the most gratifying things evident since the last issue is a profound concern registered by numerous readers about *CoP*'s health and well-being. Scores of letters expressed worry over *CoP*'s poor distribution or total unavailability in various areas, many of them notable key spots. Of course, it has nothing to do with *CoP*'s sales "appeal" (in a number of specially supervised Test Locations—some never knowing that *CoP* even existed in the past—we sold 3 to 10 times the usual number of copies stands normally receive). This typical problem isn't ours alone but affects hundreds of others, as we have said at other times. That it must be resolved is inevitable, not only if the field is to survive but to prevent the death of negative wholesalers themselves, apathetic though most of them seem to be concerning this crisis. And—where there's a will there's a way. Not only do we want to continue giving your reports about *CoP*'s distribution, but here's how you can go about it each better.

We would like names and addresses of dealers not receiving or poorly supplied with copies of *CoP*. Most important: If you know of back-number, specialty and "collector's" type stores, tell them about *CoP* (if they don't know already) and have them get in touch with us for special dealer's rates and discounts.

Meanwhile, window and other forms of creative follow-up—and if any dear friend feels it is below, then you deserve the worst... and that's about the direst remark I've ever heard, as Groucho the philosopher once expounded. —CTR

THE NICHILINE AVALANCHE

Dear Friend: My God! An in-depth fantasy magazine with nude women, pollution commentaries and political editorial? What's the industry coming to? Well, I can't tell you where it's coming—and that's a long way, baby! I dropped leaving monster mags years ago when their artwork became so porn-oid and childish that it was impossible going through an issue without the now-present threat of a queasy stomach. Your intelligence and carefully researched copy is a pleasure to read and far ahead of your competitors' staid mag. Your reviews and book reviews (I.e. the *Dracula* issue in no. 17) are interesting and, above all, informative. It never ceases to amaze me how your competitors can remain on for pages without revealing one fact. I can only beseech you (said, taking the time to read Groucho's stance) to continue in this vein. Those seriously interested in this genre need at least one issue in the desert of vapid mags plaguing the stands today.

David B. Mohrle, 3113 Monway Dr., Louisville, Ky. 40220.
May the road but increase (and friendly) may every *Kalifornia* find its grace as it goes while you back in the north reading *CoP*.

PLANTED & AGAPE

Dear Editors: I recently felt the pleasure to meet one of the industry's most dynamic listed actors, Mr. Charlton Heston. *CoP* feels should be introduced in Heston as he has been portraying a number of Spittish characters. He was in St. Louis for a twelve month, along with him was James Franciose, who appeared in *BENEATH THE PLANET OF APES* and *VALLEY OF THE GIANTS* among others. Both were very hot and available, signed and posing for photos. I passed some 500 of his two *APES* films to Heston and he occasionally laughed at some of them, frequently resulting the camera and making remarks. Both stars were very amiable and cooperative. Two really fine people! As you know, Heston recently appeared in *NOVOCARD* and finishing work on his *SOYLENT GREENE*, an *SPIN*.

Glad to share this experience with *CoP* and for you find it of interest.
Samuel James Muroski, 578 N. 3rd St., Weed River, Ill. 62695

RE: THE COOKY MONSTER

Dear Mr. Beck: *CoP* not only is the best of its kind but it is also worthwhile reading if you have a specific complaint to make. Your distribution system is absolute. I have—no wonder why—sent a copy to the *CoP* issue because I went to New York for the Luncheon Convention and found your mailing number in the dealers room on a table under which a couple was making sex. [I was undoubtedly the best distributor to have ever received—etc.] Another complaint is the way you have neglected *SEMI-STRIPTEASE*. I find that festival of monster's a sight and feel a delightful spectacle. Millions of college students think the same way, take baths with rubber ducks and eat cookies all the time. I would also like to see *CoP* about the relationship between horror and humor (THE HOSPITAL is a movie that springs to my mind; after all, with the premise of a friend murder preventing a sight and you can imagine what movie Hammer might have pulled). I think that Hollywood missed it up badly when it placed *Dracula*, *Frankenstein* and the *Wolfman* side by side. *Dracula* and *Frankenstein* were good. *Wolfman*, when they could have played Laurel and Hardy, or the Marx Brothers. *Dracula* deserved to be worshipped to death by Groucho Marx, no less.

I would also like to see some material dealing with the simplistic conception of good and evil as shown in *Satan's Sister*. You and I know that the most wicked of men wouldn't be in one thousand years, match what Harry Truman did when he allowed the Atomic Bomb to fall on Hiroshima. And he was no monster, had no fangs, horns nor hoofs. He was a "nice" gentleman who played the piano, played with his grand-

children and tended his garden. It is only when we know that "nice" people who wouldn't hurt a fly can burn millions of people (provided that they are far enough away) that we learn what true horror is.

The recent *Dracula* ought to be written like this. Somewhere inside the door of *Dracula* ought to be a *Dracula* in the morning. *Dracula* opens and gets a one-way trip, all expenses paid, to Siberia. The *CoP* ought to know that the people who live in it. At 4 in the morning are the Secret Police, *Adriana Pace*, 1600 Pine Dr., 220-C, State College, Pa. 16801.

Thinking in approximately the same crazy way, we ordered part of an odd-ball suite not long ago (the president still patters about, avoiding some producer arrive enough to back it up with 38 or 310 million, of course). *Dracula* and *Renfield* are the principles played respectively a W.C. Fields and Groucho.

RENFIELD: (Already arrived at *Dracula*'s castle) — They had some name taking me to come here and vacation for my nerves. It's the last time I'll take one of those Budget Greyhound Tours.

DRACULA: Ah, yes indeed. Lo, the lonely traveler has arrived after a hard and wearying trip, ready to be made as he has just after a herowing trip down Borgo Pass.

RENFIELD: (Slightly looking over the castle's how main hall, notes giant roaches, mice, armadillo, etc., running around) —

I should've brought over a case of room deodorants. (Sniffs the air and frowns at *Dracula*) — Better make it two cases of deodorant.

DRACULA: — My dear departed wife, Christopher *Dracula*, warned there'd be days like this. I'd like to bury you from the very bottom of my heart if I could only find it.

(Seems a band of well-dressed rump apes-trunks are playing wild music outside.)

DRACULA: — Ah, yes indeed—yes indeed. The children of the night, what sweet music they make. I wonder little music this side of heaven.

RENFIELD: (Hovers if any of them or even you'd be interested in a lifetime subscription to *Mad Monsters* magazine)

DRACULA: — Yes, my little pepperoni, but they're out of business...

RENFIELD: — That's the best part of it. And that's only a portion of the master-piece (which is about the nicest remark you ever heard). —CTR

CRUMBS & COMIX

Dear *CoP*: In no. 18 you are in great form. Your only major problem is the association with between issues. (Good we learn time, and *Renfield* takes four years, but we hope to remedy this in this year with faster editing techniques—etc.) I am an member of the *Crumb* fan club of R. Crumb's PRITZ THE CAT. I want to see this thing and left applied. I suggest that anyone who hasn't already been swindled by this "magazine" get your hands on it. It's money to better use such as *Crumb's* comic. There is only the meagerest outward resemblance to *Crumb's* work in this film, and it's poorly written to boot.

Enlisted are examples of my artifice, if you would be interested in anything of mine I would be more than happy.

If you're interested in me you can provide me with some desired info on *CARNIVAL OF SOULS*. I saw it long ago and have been thinking about it. Peace.
Jim Paulsenberg, 340 N. Pine St., Bartlesville, Wyo. 83016.

Dear *CoP*: *CoP* no. 17 was excellent in many aspects. The new *Renfield* art wasn't one of them. Mel Laybourne is a 4th-year Time Magazine (he's himself *2nd* year) who draws pretty pictures, washes them in paint. Out it. *Renfield* is a pure show. *Key* is good; how about giving the titles of his sketches and

Address all mail to **GOthic CASTLE PUBLISHING CO., 509 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017**
Keep those cards and letters pouring in, gang!

His 2 Gower books? Brunner should try hard—your last few issues have suffered from his covers. How about *Fascists*, David Lowery, *Ali*, Nelson, *Jeff Jones*, *Kelly Fries*, *Gabriel Wilson*, etc. for covers?

Gower Jones, 563 Argus Ave., Pasadena, Calif. 91444.

HIGH PRAISE

Dear Galt: Just writing to congratulate you on CoP's most timely return. I don't think I could stand the cheap competition we're forced to read when CoP isn't around. Now we shall have some real experts on the scene!

The first read about the Government beating into TV, asking them to get down on violence. Well, I'm yelling loud, baby! The thing they should cut out is the way news media sensationalize real-life events over TV or in newspapers. Yet they showed the actual impact of Wallace's shooting before millions on TV news, and this is more violent than any film. Remember the Kennedy assassination? After it was seen on the news, a certain person known as Jack Ruby went out and murdered Kennedy's killer, Oswald. Real violence leads to real violence. There is lucky something like this didn't happen in the case of Wallace. Maybe it would have if he had died.

One doesn't try to seek vengeance on someone they are in a movie. It's not real. Seeing violence on TV or movies will lead them of their hostility by seeing a fictional happening on film. The only people who could possibly get ideas from violence in entertainment are those who are mentally disturbed and, by banning it, this will not stop them. They'll find a way, probably by watching the news, when they read or seeing their own sick imaginations. Such types are dangerous, ill, and in need of help. This "King Violence" won't win accomplish nothing.

As for new good movies, like *CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* are necessarily cheaply say, composed of action. *CURSE* had not only the scene where the Creature is dead rising, but the scene where he falls, so that what you see is a gun fired and thus the film on the ground. This is ridiculous!

So, all who agree with me, speak out and say that we who the Government must stay out of things that do not concern them. Tony Parnes, 1825 Kansas Ave., Alhambra, Kansas 66022.

Compared with yesterday's film "Violence," cutting *CURSE OF FRANK* is quite feeble-minded, of course. Some TV personnel, on the other hand, are totally unqualified with little understanding of editing, such spatters are hardly different between today's paper and film it seems. There may be grounds for some concern about "modern" filmic violence when illegal and deceptive practices make films like *MARE OF THE DEVI* available to youngsters of all ages. Apart from being a piece of complete junk, it was utterly uncomfortable for merely children to take advantage of a temporary loophole to that little kid could view this disaster. Besides an ever-growing suspicion that there's been a major conspiracy behind the emancipation of men like Lincoln and the Kennedy, of greater concern is our Western Culture (especially the latter). Americans having been raised on violence patterns of movies create the social climate we are now witnessing. Deporable as unsensationalist yellow journal practices may be, all media—particularly entertainment—are comparatively harmless, though a commendable step-gate (like so many other kinds) of creating distortion, lies, rape, poverty, hunger, rotten medical facilities. Establishment treachery and Governmental dishonesty.—CTA.

...AND CRITICISM

Dear CoP: At the very last moment of the new fantasy-horror mag field once flooding the nation, it's no reason to become as cringing as what were your competitors. No. It was one of your worst issues to date. Too many flaws to list all, though I hope you will at least listen. If it isn't asking too much, how come you say you publish "blatantly" but come out so irresponsibly? (Well, we can dream, can't we!—etc.)

Since you seem starved for space, why bother filling pages with worthless graphics as on pages 4 and 5? Why are your reviews of books so careless and of good movies so sketchy? Referring to *MORPHO TO WALTZ*, which wasn't perfect but better than a lot of the other things you used. Although a more sympathetic article on *Loversick* would be appreciated—and I disagree totally with the author of the piece—it was one welcome feature in a sticky issue. EL TORO sounds like rubbish to me, but your interview was everything your magazine could and should be. Clear print, good pictures, fine layout.

Although *HOUSE THAT DROPPED BLOOD* and *MORPHO* are both superior to *BRAIN OF CAULDRON* or *BLACK DOG*. In typical CoP fashion you gave them thorough treatments instead of the others. Both *BLACK DOG* and *MORPHO* are badly digested at the mini-review section (where that was). And why are you neglecting *CLOCKWORK ORANGE*, *ISLAND OF THE BURNING DOLMETS*, *OR*, *WILKINS*, *WIND OF THE WITCHES*, *NEWBORN CHILD*, *SHIRAZ* better than you did. *NEWBORN CHILD* was a masterpiece of 8 pages on film out of a hundred-page paper per issue—this is what happened to WILLARD, one of the most successful horror movies in age!

Your feature was two pages long. Review of *LIVING DEAD* and *TALES FROM THE CRYPT* were good (what happened? You actually reviewed recent film?) You were my main printing and a clear editorial eye. The "continuity" section has to stop. Put all your stories in order, for a change.

Whatever page 58 was, I'm not interested in knowing, just don't—don't ever print anything like that again. Although you have, thankfully, given up more or less your constant and pointless to the speed-out tracks of America, the attitude still prevails in your content, layout, and feeling of the text.

(Appropos of your skunk's spirit: Lay it on, baby—real cool, and tell it like it is!—etc.)

You should, I think, devote a monthly section to the TV scene, which is the new TV movies dealing with the supernatural—men if "possessed" as a theme has been down to death. You need a book review section, especially with all the books in the field. I don't know what to say, except please change a dollar if you have to, but put a professional competent look on your magazine and a crime.

Kath Dickinson, Piquette, Mich. 48774.

We'd also need 60 pages more. *Kritik*—and better distribution wouldn't hurt either. As often expressed in the past, CoP has no box-bound rules and editorial "policy." And—well, not 100% perfect, but, then, out of hundreds of publications around, how many really ever approach what you're trying to cover, although many more to be backed by CoP's gold. The fact a film like *WILLARD* was successful at the box-office doesn't make it a "good" film or mean that its content has enough value worthy of space. It's sometimes the so-called little "secret" that would never be known (by lack of adequate publicity) that would cause attention, and, certainly, *Kritik*'s *CAUL-*



DRON OF BLOOD deserves at least one page! It is one of his best film, after all... *Converging*, a beautiful "modern" like *TALES FROM THE CRYPT*, with all its garishness, flower, part large space and attention because of its varied and complex contents. The "Fifth Day's" movie poster you dinked (p. 58, CoP no. 18) is worth to mention of information. Inadvertently, a block of text went left out explaining its origin, published around 35 years ago by a "Russett" title and *Tract* society, proving how certain attitudes are still the same.

While making up for bits of count. Many were delaying to our attention that *KOLCHAK PAPER* was intended at ABC-TV's original title for its wonderful *NIGHT STALKER*, and not a new title for *THE SARGASSO MANUSCRIPT*, as *Kritik*—*Intoxic* *Cynicism* misinterpreted it.

On a final and more important note. As for counting and pondering to speed-out freshy!—what CoP counts and publishes to are people interested in imagination. If some or many of them are called "books," great! Many of them, it's true, have been, continue to be and remain total copy-artists—*from Flower Power*, to physically damaging drugs, to the first *Frank* movement, but so what? We're got worse counterparts who can't or won't admit incompetence and stupidity while running the *System* and *World*! And what do you expect of millions of disilluminated and broken-hearted kids, mostly under 24 years of age, aware about the counting and more worldly aspects of *Society* and lacking in experience? Despite some of them consisting of copy-cats, the majority will have nothing to fear from what poetry and history will show and say.

When Silver Majesties stayed silent through the centuries and allowed monstrous oppressors and dictators lead them from one blood bath to another, it was

a noisy, raucous flood-tide of mostly hairy, freaky-looking "kellys" (and kindred spirits who looked like millions of typical "laughter") in the theaters who gave the world a conscience for the first time. And who laid the path to suffer for looking or thinking different. Not only did they speak up when too many, including their elders, were too chicken-crap to think or say anything. It's not inconceivable that we owe them a hell of a lot for not having World War III, apart from the erroneous fact that total cessation of the Indo-China/Vietnam war is due to them, the Woodstock Generation and million of other "kellys."

But, the dirty work isn't over yet. Most of the cleaning up has barely begun.—CTB

CANADIAN CAPERS

Dear Goff: I hope you do something about distribution up here in Canada. Up until Goff number 13, it was very good. But after that total zero. I've been lucky enough to be in the States for issues 17 and 18. There's a lack of quality magazines right now and yours would certainly lessen the problem. [As of this very issue, all of Canada is getting free distribution of Goff.—CTB.]

Glad to see you're giving amateur publications good coverage. As you are aware, most of them are more than just a bunch of fans getting together for a "zine." High quality artwork and articles are common—many prices are sometimes high, but more than worth it I think. More work by respectable artists. Illustration in Goff is also encouraging. Kelly's cover wasn't his best, but still very good. The woman's hair looks like you can almost reach in and touch it. Using shadows very effectively and keeping the story short and not interfering with the art made Barry's Betsy's a

highlight of the issue.

Perhaps you've changed your mind about giving books being in a list lately. I lost completely, for reasons detailed by us below.—CTB.) New films and artists are breaking in. There's Kelly's "The Cowboy," "Kumach," "Cawnp Tragic," "Maiden Market," "Maiden," "Terror," "Doe Savage," etc. I can't remember when so many great artists and comics were out at one time before.

Perhaps when you said not you meant writing: well, you may have been right. Artwork quality has improved, but writing quality still lags a bit behind.

The article on Lovecraft should've analyzed items based on his tales more. Norton's position of this author didn't convince me, but the stills accompanying the article were indeed interesting, too too damn short. And, please, no more of such "Falcon" stuff again—it was really quite terrible.

I don't understand your dislike of TALES FROM THE CRYPT—its depiction to be a classic and I'm looking forward to a sequel. And—please come out more often! Gary Kinsler, 135 Highland Ave., Scot., Ont., M1A, Can.

The Bards "Parody" but it's not just an "experiment," and we're surprised it's met with a heavier negative reaction than anything you in Goff in a long time in that a number of fans and professed to like it before a decision had been reached.

Re COME! We're still quite unhappy about lots of things wrong with the field. For one thing, unlike the early 50's and 60's years, comics are entirely too derivative. Now some of the new so-called "best" have to rely on old standard works by Robert E. Howard, the Hammer film mood for "Dracula," well handled, true, but better developed already some two years ago in Vampirella, not forgetting old stuff by other veteran writers. Reprising lots of mediocre old stuff and, worse yet, making them seem like new issues is especially biting bottom of the barrel. As for Komandi—why on earth was it called PLANET OF THE APES? —CTB.

CRYPT: FLIPPED

Dear Calvin: Your analysis of TALES FROM THE CRYPT was splendid, but I must disagree on one point. Your writing pegs for some "unpleasant"—a refer from the graveness of the Crypt tales, is ludicrous. The entire macabre medium has suffered due to the cheap incidence on laughs being sandwiched between images of terror. This injection of humor is superficial. It seems to pander to anxious parents concerned about an aspect of morbidity or some other nonsense. Are Poe's macabre works in need of some title page?

Those who concern themselves in the supernatural do well aware of the depres-

sive consequences of such an immersion. The classics of horror make us a part of their phenomena—leading us to deeper and wistful in the realizations of 50-entire long after the theatre door is locked or the book is stored.

Why must there be a sense of "cadenza" in the horror film above when the exact same setting of Middle America is all-around? Terror and grim realizations are a catalyst for the individual to explore other realms of human experience. Such wonders, in fact, can only serve to express the fantastic potential the serious horror tale possesses.

Michael Hoffman, 523 White Springs Rd., Geneva, N.Y., 14456.

Right on, Mike! Yours is among several similar letters on CRYPT, and, quite frankly, we think we're being put to seriously read over carefully our CRYPT review, please. But "compromise" and "surrender"? Well, man! This is a respectable family magazine, after all!

Perhaps the Crypt review could've been more lucid and succinct. But, in a word, the film failed because it was crude, and handled with all of the force of provincial amateur filmmakers embarking upon their first major production. This alone is a major cause of depression, carried on to the Nite degree, including other forms of misbehavior art, products, politics, bureaucracy, etc., and the quintessence of boredom.

Let not our end and devotion to the SFantasy genre blind us to its generic, usually reprehensible flaws created by speculators who stampede their way to boxoffice cash registers. A HUNK of "tool" is what many failures looked to make their mark in life. This does not imply slayback it's 200 years or even as high as Leibel & Hardy type "murder." But it's an uncomfortable fact that Mark Oswald, or grandeur honor—whether or not employed in SFantasy—is usually a device used and understood only by the most creative intelligentsia in the arts. It is a consequential necessity for the enrichment, not dissolution of the horror-terror mood. Inimitable masterpieces like NOSFERATU, THE MUMMY, CALIGARI, THE WHITE ZOMBIE, etc. are among the few exceptions. And they are totally unique. Apart from a tiny handful such as CURSE OF THE DEMON and NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, there have been extremely few outstanding successes or even minor classics in the straight up-holdo-banned horror vein in more recent times. The reason is that exhibit and canny filmmakers veterans realize the difficulty and limitations created by not deviating from thematic subtlety. That's the reason why a majority of films date very easily or don't hold up well under subsequent screenings. How many narrators are there—how often



or how every different way can a Vampire come through a window, sliding panel, etc. and fang a victim, make off with the girl to his lair and so on? We said to ourselves just recently: One more horror film from Hammer or any company where the Vampire (or kid) is done away by the Cross, Holy Water or impaled via stake, and we'll run out of the theatre some day screaming and crying. There is, of course, one more great vampire-creature film around the corner, awaiting or probably about to be made. But it will take a very talented and great director, and, more than likely, he will be involved in something that will give him the chance to explore a whole spectrum of moods, emotions and ideas that will make full use of his creative talents.

While there are mortuaries in existence, life is not a 24-hour funeral parlor.

It is true that SF/fantasy can be dealt with subjectively in print, translated into film, though, could prove disastrous. The treatment required for a cheaply bound book or paperback is small—and so is the audience, compared with films.

And we're not denigrating anyone who gets a few kicks and escapes from a ham-drum environment by "satisfying" a few hours with even the most cliché-ridden horror double feature. Good! Good! We do it all the time, work in and work out. Especially since much of it is now on TV. It's a little annoying, however, going out of your way to theatres (many of them pretty damned uncomfortable) to discover the same old stuff, and that you're probably missing at that moment better made "older" on TV.

Naturally, the great thing about film and all art is that they don't have to abide by and can ignore all rules and conventions. And, maybe that Great horror-vampire film is probably right now in the works, only, rather than *Dracula*, *Torpe* or *Bleak*, emerging from behind a secret panel in the White House and covered with his victim's gore, it could be a President of the U.S. of A. —CTB.

It would be somewhat embarrassing, if not silly, to run dozens of letters, all praising CoF, . . . which is why among several this issue have been, more or less, detailed in writing about. While most over 18 seems heavier than in a long time, most of it was a deluge of praise, etc. (and don't think we don't love every bit of it), but it leaves us in our selections for this dept. So, dear hearts, please write all you want, of course—and praise or pan the hell out of us if you like—but let's kick around more different subjects. Like *Barbaric*'s reaction when you told him *A KILLER'S KISS* was superior to 2001 and how he looks exactly like your cousin Bowie in Miami. Or, even how a local movie manager, who runs lots of horror shows, seems to have fangs and is suspected of running a *Dead Cult*.

Apologies are inexcusable in order to all fanzine/publisher who expected to find (things and reviews of their works in this issue. Funny thing happened on the way to the lay-out tables, . . . we overproduced more copies than we had room for. In fact, we went into such a "work orgy" that round that nearly 30% of the next issue is finished! So, what's not in this edition will be in the next one, etc., as well as etc. Meaning we'll be on sale in 95 days, or about May First.

On a final, bitter note are we end.

For a long time we've been aware that violent hordes of CoF find their way to various "disorderly" and so-called "leisure" establishments throughout the country. We are not only worried with copies sold long after a new issue has passed its monetized sales period (though this is bad in itself, if



"I wouldn't mind kissing him goodnight if he'd only shave a little closer!"

they're stolen copies temporarily hidden away in cold storage for release at the "right" moment). Copies in question are ones that should, at that precise moment, be available on legitimate newsstands and in authorized stores, not some unauthorized store, with part of the cover missing (or with complete and intact covers, as has been reported in some instances). How widespread this is we're little way of knowing, being unable to afford a private crew of field investigators. But in the long or even short run, this hurts CoF badly and, in turn, hurts you too.

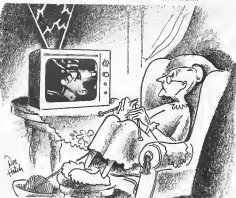
In a nutshell, You can help us by any

detailed reports of places you know that are offering copies of CoF for sale that should be on legitimate stands. Of course, please don't report anyone selling a few old CoF's, over they don't count, unless he seems to have a suspiciously large amount of a particular issue.

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Till next issue: PEACE!

Calvin T. Berk —



killed people. And everyone would like to track 'em down and see them earn their just deserts. When one of these sometimes gets caught, he says, "But I was only acting under orders!" Pretty sneaky, these guys. You gotta watch 'em. Real horrorshow.

But as we were set to go to press we were stunned to learn the shocking news of James H. Nicholson's untimely death. There can hardly be one person deserving to be called a film fan who hasn't been aware of Jim Nicholson's name as a pioneer in the SF/Film field these last 15 odd years. It was up there on the big screen on all American International Pictures. It was a name synonymous with our entire genre for one helluva remarkable, golden generation of filmmaking.

As co-founder of AIP, in association with Samuel Z. Arkoff, Nicholson was the pioneer drummer and hard-rocking organist responsible for bringing in young "promising" discolored talent like Roger Corman and giving a new life to the careers of Peter Lorre, Boris Karloff, Vincent Price, Basil Rathbone and many more. While both Arkoff and Nicholson were head-on, struggling businessmen through the years, Nicholson was the SF/Film part of the team, his fanbase roots going back to his early teens, and "one of us." In fact, recently we came across several of his fan letters that appeared in *Amazing Stories* more than 40 years ago. There isn't a single West Coast Film Parade veteran like Tony Ackerman and Ray Bradbury who doesn't remember him.

Perhaps Jim Nicholson worked too hard; but in less than 18 years his efforts made AIP the biggest little producer of SF/fantasy films, from a small B- and C-budget company of the 50's into a dynamo going well off the major in the late 60's to date.

Earlier last year, he had sold out his share of AIP's ownership, preparing to embark on another career as an independent producer, and had recently conceded a 5-film deal with 20th Century-Fox (for their details in this issue's Film News). All the more shocking, therefore, is that he didn't cut him down at the prime of life, age 56. Unable to rally from a second operation for a brain tumor at L.A.'s Medical Center, this colorful and remarkable man passed away on December 10th, 1972.

From our roving West Coast editor and friend, Ken Kice, we've received the following Film Review News:

I got to see a couple of legendary old movies out here lately. The University of California in Berkeley ran a film series they show in their art museum, something like a small-scale N.Y. Museum of Modern Art. They had a series from Eizenstein House, and included were the extremely rare German silent ALRAUNE and the Russian silent, AELITA (also called REVOLT OF THE ROBOTS). They were both disappointing. The first has practically no horror. The scientist creates his artificial woman off-screen. Then there are some very Soap Opera-like romance conflicts, and — of all unlikely things — a happy ending, with the Mundane-rootgirl (that's what "Alraune" means, you know) being redeemed by love,

and going off to lead a normal life! Like the end of NOSFERATU, almost.

AELITA had marvelous sets and costumes, looking uncannily like FLASH GORDON (both strip and film), but nearly 10 years earlier. The catch is that only about half an hour of it takes place on Mars, and then it's all explained away as a dream. The hero, who has designed a rocket ship, wakes up and destroys the blueprints. "I must forget this nonsense," he says, "and concentrate on my task of building a new Russia." Which is the way it ends, believe it or not. If you get to see either film, you probably will have a lot of difficulty understanding it. Both prints have only foreign titles. The University people supplied an interpreter at such showings, who translated them out loud. I've never seen this simple and inexpensive practice adopted in N.Y., except once at a Film Festival. You'd think Eizenstein Kodak, the multimillion dollar corporation that sponsors Eizenstein House, could afford a few bucks to put English titles on their prints.

At the L.A. SF World Con, I got to see JUST IMAGINE again, and found it as silly and charming as I had before. They also showed PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE, which seems to have the kind of reputation in L.A. that ROBOT MONSTER had in N.Y.: of being unintentionally hilarious; but I didn't find it exceptionally so. It was more like a Republic serial — maybe the L.A. fans never saw any serials.

The real coup of the Con was BARON MUNCHHAUSEN, the legendary German WW2 color spectacle. They showed a good color print — in German, with no English subtitles. No translator either. Nevertheless, at least it was good to use this very rare film. It turned out to be pretty good, with nice effects and a great deal of honey-headed German humor. The famous sex elements were very, very tame by today's standards, or even by the standards of a few years ago. But it's only partly fantasy, chiefly a sequence when the Baron goes to the Moon. The rest is just a series of tall tales of his adventures around the world.

The San Francisco fans put on a film on at a local college, which was not advertised, and in a rather little-known and some what inaccessible spot. The result was a financial disaster. The original scheme had been to have simultaneous showings in different rooms, but this was rendered impossible when a couple of the projectors broke down, (being on a weekend, they couldn't be fixed). But, anyway, I got to see IT HAPPENED HERE, the British film about what would have happened if the Nazis had conquered England. Unfortunately, another disappointment. Very little new-grounds about it, and nothing very exciting. Just a realistic war story, shot in films on a low budget and looking it, well to say, A fine opportunity for a good, offbeat film wasted.

They also showed LORD LOVE A DUCK, a satirical comedy of a few years back. This was supposed to be an example of the "Festive theme." And why they showed it, but in no way can it even be associated with festivity. But it was pretty good, and didn't deserve all those bad reviews it got at the time. The writing was better than the direction, though, which isn't surprising. It was directed by George Axelrod, who had only been a writer before. The boom microphone kept showing up at the edge of the screen

throughout. It happened so often that it was hard to believe it wasn't deliberate. An inside gag?

— Ken Kice —

THE CoF ARCHIVES

Chepmans is either a gaming phase or short-lived hobby with many who enjoy cutting out newspaper articles, news notes and miscellany of one form or another. Eventually they pile up, sometimes being forgotten, gathering dust for years or thrown out with the garbage. Often, this is a shame, especially to those who are involved in a lot of research and who can use clipping information. Recently, one of our staff ran into a fan who had saved up thousands of bits and pieces spanning more than 35 years. Not so long ago, they were found in an incinerator. "Oh, if I'd only known you'd be interested in them!" exclaimed the ex-collector.

Moral of the story: If you have anything like this you'd like to send us — even if most of it covers the movie world in general — you can rest assured they'll find a welcome niche in the CoF Archives and earn the thanks of our entire staff. We're only too glad, of course, to reimburse you for the cost of mailing and postage.

CoF's AT DISCOUNT

In an attempt to overcome poor distribution (as well as help CoF appear more frequently), let it be known by dealers great or small that current and back issues of CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN are available at quantity discount. Terms are all on a cash F.O.B. basis, of course. Discounts vary according to quantity. Full information will be provided to all interested principals.

NEXT ISSUE...

... Out around May First—which probably sounds like good news after a long and uneventful season of infrequency.

Upcoming features: THE FILMS OF CHRISTOPHER LEE, including a complete filmography and history of Sir Lee's films.

An Interview with ALFRED HITCHCOCK. THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF GEORGE PAL.

All of the above in future issues, plus other projects and "surprise specials."

On a parting note: In this period of inflation, when 25¢ is 50¢ (even on local money for a magazine is hardly different than 5¢ to 10¢ used to be only a few years ago), we're seriously considering the possibility of going up to 75¢ per copy. Like many other publications, CoF's main problem is revenue. If things worked out well at a 75¢ price, there's every chance of our publishing every 60 days. We'd like your views on this; it's obvious most of you wouldn't mind paying 15¢ more (worth about 75¢ compared with around 1965). What we'd like to know from you is how you think others might react.

Though ignored for space on the Contents page, we can still credit Mario Castro for creating this issue's wondrous cover: THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF RAY HARRYHAUSEN.

Until next issue... PEACE.

— Calvin T. Beck —

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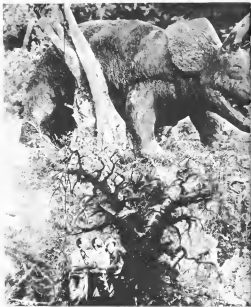
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1923 — 6 Reels — \$60.50
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A collector's item. The earliest Chaney classic available in 8 millimeter to the public. Under the capable direction of Lambert Hillyer (who went on in 1938 to direct the memorable THE INVISIBLE MAN with Karlhoff and Lugosi, and the same year, DRACULA'S DAUGHTER), it's an excellent vehicle for Chaney as he was reaching the mid-way peak of his cinematic fame.

Boris Karloff in THE BELLS

1926 — 7 Reels — \$68.50
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THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI





No. 17

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